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P O E M S .



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P O E M S ,

BY

WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

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[THE author makes as brief a Prefatory Notice as is consistent with any thing like a right understanding between himself and the reader.

Some ten years since, on leaving college, he published a small book of poems. That book, notwithstanding its faults, was received with some favor, and was republished the following year, with additions. Soon after that, the author made choice of a grave profession, and found himself compelled — and, as he supposed, for ever — to relinquish a literary life. Ill health, however, soon threw him from this, and finally into a more practical position, and then into that greatest maelstrom of this country, politics, which swallows up so much of the talent and energy of the nation. In the midst of this, battling with ill health, under the demands of a daily press, and yet with early and youthful feelings kindling up, this volume has been prepared.

Possibly the circumstances under which the book is thus brought forward will not be considered in all respects most favorable to give the nice finish that belongs to the poetic art, nor, indeed, fit any book to challenge the demands of nice criti-

cism; and yet the author would not offer these circumstances as any apology for whining imbecility or obtrusive dullness. If his book have faults, but yet has a soul in it, that soul will bear it up in spite of them, and all the artistical perfection on earth would not save from ultimate condemnation, and consequent oblivion, a book that had *not* this — the living, seminal principle of all sound poetry. Truth, sense, and vigor are the three constituent elements of good poetry; if a book have these, they will carry it through that clash of criticism which deals with trifles, as a warrior's strength carries him to the battle's front, though he may lose his plume from the side-stroke of some pigmy. If a book have not something of these, it ought to fail, and the sooner the better.

The reader may recognize portions of this volume as a republication. The author has here saved such as his severer judgment would retain. Some of the pieces have been variously republished, — in some of the compilations and elsewhere, — and the author feels this in some sort an apology, if any be demanded, for the presumption of obtruding another volume on public attention.

The preparation of the book, however, has been his pleasure, — it is published with some hope to afford pleasure; its failure cannot rob him of the first of these rewards.]

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 1, 1848.

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P O E M S.



THE FALLEN EAGLE.



AND thou hast then come down here from thy height,
Bird of the sun ! Thou mayst no longer beat
The broad air with thy wings—fly at the storm
Coming out from the north, or sweep away
In all thy majesty and glory on
Ever before it—turning now thine eye
In scorn at the red lightnings launch'd along
Thy passage, or with thy loud scream outdoing
The very thunder. Thou hast been struck down
From thy high place. Thy vigorous wing no more
Can beat the void, and raise thee up. Thine eye
Stareth no longer at the sun, or dareth
All he can fling at thee. Thy noble heart,
King of the sky ! no longer beats and throbs,

All conscious of its innate majesty
And almost godlike glory. Thou art struck,
As 't were a star from its high place, and here,
Draggled and wet, thy plumes torn or pluck'd out,
Thou liest and gaspest.

Whose power, kingly one!

Mark'd thee, and smote thee? 'T was not man's, — his
thought,

Grasping and great as 't is, can king it not
Over thy realm. He may behold thee — ay,
He doth, and his proud thought will sweep thy track,
And as thou dost, so will he mark the sun,
And try to steal his glory. But his power,
O, 't is of earth, and not, thou king! where thou
Ridest and reignest. Was 't the storm? No. We
Beheld thee gaze at that — ascend and play
With the live clouds, like billows o'er heaven's face
Crowded on by loud, harrowing winds! We saw thee
Mark its approach, and when thou hadst, aspiring,
Shown thine own kingly daring, then afar
Sweep in thy conscious kingship, scorning both
The storm's fire, and its bellowings — and then
Thou didst ascend above its track, and, calmly,
See it, thy subject, thundering on below!

Who cast thee down then, king? Was it that King
Who is indeed king? He who made this air
'Thou dar'st to play with so? — this earth? — all earths?
And all this glorious framework that we see,
Both when the day comes, and when Night brings down
The mighty worlds, that stretch afar, and on,
Where thought can pierce not? He who made that heart,
So lion-like? and gave that form that holds it?
And that proud wing, thy heart's slave, by which thou
Dost king it through the sky? — yes, and e'en o'er
'The storm, *thy* master's glory? Yes, 't was He,
King! — but a king no more — who smote thee down,
As 't were morn's proudest cresset from its place,
And here, with all that's base of earth has cast thee
To flutter in the mire, and gasp and die.

I wonder if thou hast a heart, proud bird!
Like to all other hearts that beat and are
A part of the upholding fire and life
And energy of the living Universe!
Did it in some one part keep (shut from all
Eyes but thine own, and that one other heart's
That shared thy weakness) feelings, such as thrill,
And make that heart leap with a pulse no language

Can fully speak of? Is there some peak now,
Jutting up from old mounts somewhere on earth,
Where thou 'st an eyrie? — to which flew thy thought
With passion, from thy proud track near the sun —
And down to which, as faithful as the light,
Thou sped'st when night wrapp'd earth, and where thou stay-
edst

Till the morn rous'd thee up again? And there,
Didst thou, with pride, look on thy younglings — dreaming
Of the far time when, with thee, 'mid the light
And blaze of heaven's noon, they should amaze us
As thou dost? That proud heart, as we must deem,
Beat with the madness of that fire that burns
Where heart and life are; and that fire may now
Be burning — drinking thy life's stream — the worst
Drop of thy sorrows.

Noble bird! like thee,
Many an eagle mind is smote from out
Its proud track near the sun, and like thine own
Crush'd in the dust; and like thy noble heart
Many are rent, and like thee too, perhaps,
They sigh for life's last freedom — and in vain.

THE FUTURE LIFE.



THERE is a life beyond this life of ours
Where griefs must cease and anguish lose its powers ;
For high, for low, for rich — for all unblest,
That life is open, and there all may rest.
As on we go, all toiling day by day,
Darkness above, and horror round our way ;
False friends without, and falser ones within,
Curs'd with sin's evils, and yet loving sin ;
Dead to the beauty that would come abroad
From all the grandeur of the works of God ;
And dumb, so oft, to voices from on high,
Offering to cheer us 'mid life's agony,—
O, yes, there yet is, far beyond this shore,
A land of rest, where anguish stings no more.

O, art thou one who enter'd first on life,
With a heart eager for its dusty strife ;
Dreaming of nothing save a path all flowers,
Or soft winds whispering through Eden bowers ;
Thinking mankind were ever what they seem,
Truth on their lips, which truth they will redeem ;
And deeming too, sweet health should ever fire
Each bounding limb, and every pulse inspire ;—
Yet dragging now along life's sorrowing path,
Frown'd on by men, and frighten'd by Heaven's wrath ;
And seeing nothing from the future given
To lend one lingering smile that leads *towards* Heaven —
O, deem thou not, life curs'd thus ever here, —
There is another and eternal year.

And O, the loss, while here, for want of eye
To pierce the dim veil of futurity ;
And O, the gain, of him who walks abroad,
And sees earth wear the garments of a God !
Then the broad heaven puts on ethereal glow,
And the green world seems deck'd for Eden show ;
Breathe the soft winds, and gush the streams with voice,
To bid the spirit of the world rejoice ;

Twitter the birds, and rustle the green trees,
With a soft music as designed to please ;
E'en the hoarse forest and the echoing shore
Say to the heart be still, and weep no more.

Thus all around us may some wisdom give,
When the poor heart is fitted to receive ;
Seasons that change, the Winter and the Spring,
Summer to charm, and Autumn, fruits to bring ;
Each varying object, as we onward go,
Saying be still, nor faint beneath the blow.

O, thou then fainting on the dusty road,
That leads, though hidden, to the mount of God,
Ask for the truth — look in, and look around —
Seek the high record where all truth is found ;
And see there set before thee the low way
Thy feet must take, wouldst thou behold the day —
The far-off brightness streaming from the throne,
To cheer thee on, and teach that land thine own !

LIFE.

PART FIRST.

I.

BEAUTIFUL Spirit, coming once again,

Whose kindling fire we now feel round the heart,
Teach us to wake a nobler, manlier strain,

Essaying once again the poet's Art!

Give the mind force — let every feeling start
Into its loftiest, noblest exercise ;

Nor from the bosom with thy light depart,
Till we have spoke the truths that in us rise,
And in a song of fire, poured forth their mysteries !

II.

Is it a vain dream, thou canst lead us forth,
Along the higher, nobler track of song?
Feel we not in us that exalted worth —
Feeling and energy, the which belong
To all that would be great — with which among
The great of earth we walk and valued are?
Whence then these promptings, as immortal strong,
Ever within us, teaching us to dare
Those loftier, prouder heights, which gods alone may share?

III.

O, was 't a cheat — a light that led astray —
Coming afar in years that have gone by;
And teaching us to chant an idle lay,
And from the glory of the earth and sky
Draw forth a beauty which the inner eye
Of man's great soul alone may gaze upon; —
Made the heart glow with wild intensity,
If we but gazed upon the coming sun,
Or on his glorious set, when his day's work was done?

IV.

Give then that energy of heart and thought ;
Make the line ring like to a trumpet's tone ;
And O, inform with wisdom high, which, brought
As from the very presence of that One
Sitting in unapproachable light alone,
Leads us along the mighty track of truth !
And as the hand upon the lyre is thrown,
Wake thou each feeling ! — give that fire forsooth,
That dwells in gifted hearts — the fervor of our youth !

V.

The soul, far coming from its unknown birth,
Up, on to life has enter'd ; — it stands here,
Gazing around upon the glorious earth,
And far away upon the heavens clear ; —
Within us all is strange, but there appear
Feelings and promptings, given each, true and high,
As if we had lived in some other sphere ; —
Yet here we are, and by mortality
Clogg'd, — still we feel our powers, though chain'd, can never die.

VI.

How shall we solve life's mysteries? — come, thou
Spirit of wisdom, in a world of night;
And we would wander forth, and we would know
What may be learn'd, — would learn too with delight —
Yea, we with reverence bow to Truth's great might!
Wherever truth is we would search — and O,
We would the spirit have that loves the right,
Following that path, no matter where it go,
Whether it darkness be, or Heaven's lights o'er it glow!

VII.

Shall we look up the track of time? shall we
Take the great pictures History sets forth?
Nations that have been great — look *there* and see
The wisdom that is glorious for the earth?
Egypt, Greece, Rome, or others of high worth —
Shall they give forth the truths the heart *would* claim?
And can they teach us, solemn or in mirth,
That which would give to earth its noblest aim,
And the high spirit crown at last with endless fame?

VIII.

Gaze on old Egypt in her dusty pride —

Miser in knowledge, — never giving forth

Aught that could bless the world, herself beside —

And hoarding up her wisdom there and worth,

Till she did deem herself the all of earth,

And shut from the great family of man ;

The wisdom too that only brought a dearth

To her own subjects, as it was her plan

To shut it from the mass, — few only there might gain

IX.

The high court of the Temple of high Truth —

Sit at her shrine for lessons — their own soul

Bless with its beauty and immortal youth ;

While o'er all others Ignorance might roll

Like a vast tide, and curse with its control

Mind and soul both, and crush them into dust.

Behold her wisdom ! value it, the whole !

That which ne'er felt that knowledge was a trust

Which must be us'd for all — so Heaven had deem'd it just.

X.

Is this then wisdom for us? are we so
To seek Truth's temple, and her mysteries
Thus to unlock, — that we ourselves may know
What are her secrets, and yet for all these
Millions around us, who, it would Heaven please,
Should know with us, feel naught, and nothing care?
So shall we please, that Love sublime; which sees
From the high heavens where truth and virtue are,
And which He dwells with ever, as doth Truth declare?

XI.

Turn to that other land — of light, of song,
Beauty and glory! Land where Fancy flies
And lingers long delighted; ay, among
Her glorious scenes enraptur'd; 'neath her skies
Walks with mute wonder at their witcheries!
Beautiful Greece! thy beauty lingers still
On thy bright skies, and on the earth it lies;
Yet hath a light, which once the soul could fill,
Pass'd from thine every shore, and fount and cave and hill!

XII.

Yet gaze upon her in immortal pride !
Gaze at her loveliness of earth and sky !
Then turn and gaze upon the glory wide,
Flashing on every side, — of soul, thought high,
And genius in transcendent majesty !
Go to great Greece in all her glory seen ;
Glory that makes the heart ache ; fix the eye
Upon it ; — if not dazzled at its sheen,
Tell us was wisdom there ? there hath it ever been ?

XIII.

Beauty was there.—such as did ever start
Forth from the godlike mind, and power of soul.
We see it ; it pervaded every part ;
Of every energy it took control,
Subjected it, was master of the whole ; —
Yet was it aught than evil, though deck'd forth
In light that seem'd to darken either pole,
And fling a wondrous glory o'er the earth,
Till earth's sons deem'd themselves as gods — ay, from their
birth ?

XIV.

Did lovely Greece possess a heart? look there!

Where are its traces? Her mind lit the scene

Up with all beauty; — caught it from the air —

Caught it from wave and ocean, forest green —

This we there see — we wonder at its sheen; —

Had she a *heart*? Had she a soul, stern vow'd

To the great work that *should* her work have been, —

The work of Love, wherever wrong had bow'd

The crush'd soul to the earth, or guilt the same had cowed?

XV.

Look'd she forth o'er the earth? on man look'd she?

Felt the same blood beat in her kindling veins

That did earth's whole heart fire, and make beat free;

Or strive at least to burst off the foul chains

Evil bound on her — free her from the stains

Evil had given to the godlike soul?

Where are her plans for such exalted gains?

Where do we see, or feel, she had control,

Such as doth bless earth's throng — or *one* out of the whole?

XVI.

We see no eye that northward look'd afar,
Or south or to the east or to the west ;
Nor a heart beating 'gainst each mighty bar
That stopp'd her in her efforts, till she bless'd
All of earth's hearts, or wearied or distress'd.
In lovely wickedness she rather sate ;
Her poets sung her beauty ; she was dress'd
In all the mind can lend to make earth great,
While her foul heart was foul indeed — ay, desolate !

XVII.

And hark, a trumpet — martial — sounding on
From the “ Hill'd City ” gathering up her power ;
Binding the earth's great nations one by one,
Doubling her mighty conquests every hour,
Till earth for conquest offer'd her no more !
Enter her streets, walk with us through them all,
Gaze on each palace, where her temples soar,
Yet hark ! that loud, that captive-startling call —
For Rome, great Rome, now holds her solemn festival !

XVIII.

It is to stretch her mighty arms afar,
Drag home her captives — in vast crowds they come!
Pour forth a tide of desolating war,
And a great concourse troop — to what a doom!
And here, where rises now a lordly dome,
Rome gathers in her beauty and her might!
Mark there where blood, free as the ocean's foam,
Streams in vast torrents in the fiercest fight,
Yet is 't with beasts, and *pure* Rome glories at the sight!

XIX.

And is this virtue? — may we dream it is? —
Stretching thus her great arms forth round the earth?
Love should go forth indeed! Rome did, in this,
Obey the great command and journey forth.
But did she go, a God — with godlike worth —
And make the nations welcome her divine?
Ah, we may look in vain, — it is a dearth!
Her great soul had no altar, whence did shine
Light to illumine the world — *there* was no hallow'd shrine!

XX.

Would we be great as tyrants, and in guilt
Write our names high upon the scroll of fame;
See how much human blood there may be spilt,
And with such treasure purchase a bright name;
Would we in Rome's proud niche a proud place claim,
And from that height look down upon the earth;—
Make her our model! let's all do the same!
Call virtue vice, vice virtue, truth and worth
Banish afar, and, fiend-like, let us sally forth!

XXI.

Or shall we leap o'er ages — when that tide,
Bursting away out from the savage north,
Roll'd down on earth's great Queen in all her pride,
And swept her, in its mighty going forth,
Almost as 't were a feather from the earth;
And when had priestly Domination ta'en
The sceptre in her hands, and call'd it worth,
And is seen rioting on souls just slain;—
Shall we look here, and from this dark scene wisdom gain?

XXII.

O, is 't Heaven-born, this thirst for human power,
Whether in "saintly rottenness" it stand;
Or whether it by Civil force would cower,
And tread and crush the spirit of the land?
Tear off the robe — look on it — 't is Command,
In all its evil and gigantic sway;
And it would sweep all good away — would band
As soon the evil 'gainst the good — away
Sweep all the light from earth — ay, banish every ray.

XXIII.

We see Truth here a tyrant! With one hand
Holding a garbled book — miscall'd of God —
She goes forth, and her look is but command;
And in her other hand she grasps a rod,
And 't is of scorpions. And each path that 's trod
By this new tyrant, crushing the earth down,
Is bloodied. For her love hath never shod
First, the poor subjects she pretends to own; —
She drives them forth, yet talks of an immortal crown!

XXIV.

Yet have some been — let 's just be, while severe —
Robed in much light. Their hearts with love have beat,
And Charity, as Heaven itself sincere,
Has for a while filled the exalted seat,
Miscall'd God's own. Truth hath, ay, we repeat,
Come to Rome's altars. Music, as of Heaven,
Has rung in cloisters, cells, and heavenly sweet ;
Perhaps Rome hath an almoner been even,
And she hath bound up hearts that guilt or wrong had riven ;

XXV.

Yet view her as a whole in pride and lust,
Grasping as earth is wide, perverting light,
That she might only tread earth into dust,
Then rear her own great bulk aloft in might, —
Gaze on her, and not sicken at the sight !
See her, and then not feel to look away,
If we the source would find, whence truth and right
Come forth to bless the earth, change night to day,
And cheer the immortal soul with an immortal ray !

LIFE.

PART SECOND.

I.

WHERE then look we for truth, since it is not
Given in the glory of the times of old?
Since to the longing heart thence 't is not brought —
And nothing see we that for good controll'd,
And o'er the longing human spirit roll'd
That tide of bliss for which we ever thirst;
Where shall we look for it — truth strong and bold? —
That which, once ours, makes feel we are not curs'd,
But at that fount of bliss, whence life indeed hath burst?

II.

If Egypt could not bless us from her height,
Nor Greece in her divinity and grace ;
Nor the " Hill'd City " in her pride and might,
Nay, nor great Rome herself, when had given place
The Civil to the Heavenly, and we trace
Some of Heaven's lineaments in her face divine ;
Where shall we look ? — where shall we go ? — how chase
Truth as she flies from us ? where is that shrine,
Whence comes the light, we feel, o'er all the earth should
shine ?

III.

Shall we come down to that philosophy,
Which bids us o'er the breast of Nature go ;
Walk forth 'neath morn's or 'neath the evening's sky,
Or when perhaps the noon's bright sun doth glow ;
Or where the waters may sublimely flow,
As Ocean rolls his boisterous waves along ;
Or go forth where the river's flood doth show
Its grace and beauty earth's bright scenes among,
Or doth the cataract sound its trembling, thunder-song —

IV.

Or when the changing seasons give their life,
Their beauty, or luxuriance, or their pride —
Winter, when all his storms are up in strife,
Or Spring, in grace and beauty like a bride,
Doth in her robe of beauty o'er earth glide
Like to a fairy o'er enchanted seas;
Or doth the Summer come with her full tide,
Or Autumn with crush'd flowers and faded trees,
And his sad songs sends forth with every rising breeze ; —

V.

And shall we here, from all this life and grace,
This change, this music, or this sadness, find
The wisdom that should take the first high place
In the great soul of man, and o'er his mind;
Teaching him so to go forth to his kind,
And his great powers to such high purpose use,
As should for ever leave sweet joys behind,
Where he has been with benefits profuse;
While his own heart leaps too, as onward he pursues?

VI.

O, is it true, we have no clearer guide,

Guide with distincter voice — no plainer way —

Such as the plainest heart — away from pride —

May see at once ; a path where all is day,

And made so by a Heaven-directed ray

Flung over it — ay, its whole course along ?

Would the Love, plainly seen, as on we stray

Through the bright earth, leave earth's deluded throng

Thus to grope forward, these rough rocks and paths among ?

VII.

O, we must feel Love watches what it made,

Meant to and will still guide it to the end ;

And that Love hath with greater light display'd

Itself man's living and eternal friend !

We deem it hath sent, still doth, and will send

Another light to light man towards the goal ;

And he who will look to it, and will bend

Humbly, and yield him to its great control,

It will for ever guide, — ay, and restore the soul

VIII.

To the high place, from whence, flung like the star
Shot from the sphere of morning, it goes on
Wandering now oft in darkness wide and far,
Till it has lost for ever the bright sun,
In whose pure light it should for ever run !
And it will give again th' exalted bliss,
Once like a stream pour'd through it — help it shun
Evils that ever in a world like this,
Steal from the heart its truth, or crush with miseries !

IX.

Where is this guide ? 't is in our hands — behold !
Low and despised it may be — still 't is here ;
Its pages are indeed wrought forth from gold,
And, being welcom'd, all as heaven clear,
Grow brighter with each rapid, circling year.
He who would read it must be humble too ;
But he who will thus read its truths severe,
Shall hear a voice from Heaven, that breatheth through
His perfect nature, heart and soul all to renew.

X.

What is the proof 't is Love divine? We turn,
Giving no schoolman's answer, half-way heard,
But point you where one eye of man doth mourn,
Wherever is one heart of sorrow stirr'd;
Wherever God's bright image hath been blurr'd,
On the wide earth — and bid you see sent there,
This same eternal, ever-living Word; —
Or see its struggles made thus, to declare
Whence is this light from heaven, wide as earth's miseries are.

XI.

This same Love looks afar to south and north —
The east and west it looks to — and it would
To every tribe, name, nation, race, go forth,
And cheer them in the gloomy solitude; —
Cheer the dark isles that have for ages stood
In the proud ocean — cheer cold, frozen seas; —
Cheer the rude savage in his savage mood,
And cheer old Afric too, now on her knees
With hands and arms stretch'd forth, shouting her miseries.

XII.

He who hath welcom'd this, behold ! how now
All light breaks on him ! Pass life's mysteries ;
The past instructs us ; and the present flow
Of evil round him, like to swollen seas
Dashing aloft, and human miseries
Sent to the eye, and crowding on each side ;
And all the mysteries within him — these
Are at once light ! — light flashing far and wide,
Forth and o'er all — 't is pour'd around him like a tide !

XIII.

What is the truth of History ? look there,
Where the past nations rise sublime and die ! —
Egypt, that once was surely great and fair —
And Grecia too, with vale and hill and sky
All beautiful, and glowing holily,
So did the beauty seem of her fair day ! —
And Rome, whose godlike might did seem to vie
Almost with Heaven's — who almost dared to say
She was earth's God — so did she all earth's nations sway —

XIV.

What is their truth? why stood they not? why thus
See we them broken like the stormy sea?
Ah, they dared lift themselves — 't is seen by us —
'Gainst that high Power that can alone make free,
And bless man with exalted liberty!
Mind was all there; the heart too in its power;
And these went forth to see what good may be;
But never dream'd they, in their proudest hour,
God would that earth be bless'd, and its tears stream no more —

XV.

And hence he swept them from earth's face, while we,
Going as pilgrims to their tombs, now linger
O'er and around them; — tearful, it may be,
To see and mark where Desolation's finger
Still gives them to decay. And Greece, we bring her
Oft in strange beauty back, like face beloved; —
And we can pour our songs forth, and we sing her
Beautiful as was never by earth proved,
Or hath the poet's heart with liveliest feelings moved.

XVI.

And life's ills still around us, are no more
Things that assault the heart's exalted faith —
We see the why they curse the earth with power ;
Yet we see too — for so High Wisdom saith —
Love shall prevail yet o'er this tide of wrath,
And make it rock like to a summer sea,
Laughing in beauty. This Word a might hath,
To give the soul of earth true liberty,
And the sublimer peace that 's his whom Truth makes free.

XVII.

And why the trials pressing us to earth —
Crushing the soul oft — pouring o'er us here
The maddest waves of agony — sent forth,
So it would seem, to see how God could wear
Earth's chains into the soul — how he could tear
The bleeding spirit dash'd along its way ; —
Oft are the loved — our all — snatch'd from the air
And the bless'd sun, and given to decay,
While we go on accurs'd — ay, palsied as are they !

XVIII.

O, they 're not evil ! Love this in disguise,
Purging the dross off gathering round the soul,
That we be better fitted for the skies ;
Ay, to sweep far away without control,
While shall the ages after ages roll.
But life is not all stern thus,— trials are,
Far less than these, and they but nerve the whole ;
Give to the spirit greater power to dare,
And to press on to heights which great ones only share.

XIX.

This earth's sublimest lesson ! — that we feel
Oft for an instant earth's power o'er the heart,
And feel an instant a barb keen as steel
Pressing into its tenderest, quickest part, —
That we may then, more godlike, forward start
To rise above the ills we have — so be
Higher in the great scale of being ! Art,
Talent, and Grace, and the high majesty
Of Genius, thus take on more force and feeling free !

XX.

His is the track of fame, who thus has learn'd
To look around him. His path up will be !
Powers are at work — the which, if he had spurn'd,
Had only crush'd him — but they now shall free,
Strengthen unto its boldest liberty
Each faculty and feeling of the breast ;
And give to each a fiery energy,
Such as is only by the great possess'd,
And which, if us'd aright, earth's heart hath ever bless'd.

XXI.

We talk of Fame oft, as it were a light
Only sent here to curse ! It curses oft —
But is it true it *must* thus ? Is its might
Only a thing for evil ? Look aloft !
Some souls have been, and they sublime have proved
Their energies, and wing'd the upper air ;
And they have kept pure hearts, and they have loved
All in the earth that's beautiful and fair,
And they earth's tears and sorrows have been wont to share.

XXII.

We slander this high spirit, deeming her
Then evil. That is *in* us. It comes forth
From the warp'd heart, becomes a worshiper
Of a mere beauty found within the earth,
When the soul should remember her high birth,
And only worship Him upon the throne !
He who thus watches, seeks a name of worth,
Yet ever in *His* sight, and ill doth shun —
He is not curs'd, though Fame's sublimest steep be won.

XXIII.

O, that we might thus ever, while the eye
Marks the proud summit of the mount of fire,
Still keep a heart of low humility,
Lower and lower as the eye is higher ;
Lower and lower still, as the desire
Of fame grows stronger in the eager heart ;
That we might thus, or chanting o'er the lyre,
Or plying elsewhere some true, noble art,
Keep the soul still near Him, nor let it once depart !

XXIV.

We deem He bids the soul of man aspire
Ever, e'en while wall'd round here in its clay ;
Yes, e'en to set the goal of life still higher,
And win a name 'mid things that with life's day
Perish, and are for ever in decay.
The soul itself gains vigor, though we see
The what it sought, and won too, pass away ;
It shall its higher bent keep when all free,
And on some other height its path of love may be.

XXV.

Why not for ever keep it in our thought,
We should thus fit us? Would not this then come
Into the soul — and some new strength be caught —
With all the other powers to bring man home
Safely at last, and save him from the doom
He often seems to seek with his whole might ?
Would we so oft plunge into guilt and gloom,
Did we but keep it with us day and night,
Here we but fit the soul for an immortal flight ?

LEGEND OF BETHEL ROCK.



OUR poets sing of other days,
Of other lands and sons of fame,
And beautifully too, they praise
That sweetest feeling earth may claim —
The love that binds two hearts in one,
And gives the sweetest bliss that 's known —
The charm that seems to rob the earth
Of every thing that 's sad or stern,
And make the world a world of mirth,
And each heart with its beauty burn.

Yet have we not for this our land,
Nor for its charms a feeling sweet,

That doth the poet's verse command,
Or give his heart a livelier beat;
We spurn the beauties round us here,
We spurn the tales she hath for fame,
And turning from the lovelier,
Let others wake the poet's flame.

The lovelier! — ah, tell us now,
If fairer lands there be than ours?
Or those that should the poet know,
Or wake the spirit's loftier powers?
Are there sublimer hills than these,
That fling their proud tops to the sun?
Whispers elsewhere a sweeter breeze,
Than doth among our forests run?
Or can you find a prouder flow
Elsewhere, of cataract and river —
Niagara with its golden bow,
And its loud thunder roaring ever?
Or can ye gaze on waves that play,
Brighter or fairer than have we,
Where flash our broad lakes to the day,
Or rock to all heaven's breezes free?

And where stand you on prouder shores,
And look afar o'er ocean vast,
And mark a prouder flood, that pours
Beneath you with each furious blast?
Or where look you on soft seas, kiss'd
By softer breezes than come o'er
The waves of gold and amethyst,
To cool the sweet leaves on the shore ;
And lose themselves in bowers of bloom,
Robbing the fragrant odors there,
Till sky and earth are all perfume,
And burden'd is the quiet air?
Ah, ye may fly to sunny France,
And sing her vales and viny hills,
And ye may tell how softly dance
The waters of Italian rills ;
And ye may pass the "Golden Horn,"
And lose yourself in Asian bowers,
And tell us where, on soft winds borne,
There nothing is but sweets of flowers ;
Or ye may, with a master hand,
Fly to lone Isles in farthest seas,
And tell us of the breezes bland,
That come up from the sea o'er these ;

And tell us there of blushing hills,
 And tell of golden bowers and groves,
 And sing of gushing founts and rills,
 And all a poet's fancy loves ;
 And spreading lakes, and Eden shores,
 And skies of light, and birds of song,
 From whose wild throats of music pours
 A flood of sweetness all day long ; —
 Yet shall we come in fancy here —
 Still say our own land boasts a light
 As beautiful — and heavens as clear —
 And spreading scenes as gay and bright ;
 And offers all the bard requires,
 To wake his heart with wildest thrill,
 And stir up Poesy's sweet fires,
 And every sense with music fill.

A little lay have we to sing,
 A simple tale of love and pain ;
 A Hope with sweetest blossoming,
 Yet where did never fruit remain ;
 At least no fruit but such as gives
 A sense like ashes to the taste,
 Where joy a single instant lives,
 Only to bring a deeper waste.

There is in the sweet vale where I
First saw the light — or near to this —
A proud old hill that rises high,
In which a strange rough rock there is ; —
A grove of beauty spreads around,
There sings the bird the long day through,
And wood-flowers start o'er all the ground,
Drunk with the moisture and the dew ; —
The forest throws its proudest arms
Over the place, up-towering high ;
And down there, scarce the power of storms,
Coming with its fierce energy,
Can sweep the grass and gay wood-flowers,
That deck the turf like Eden's bowers.
This same rough rock tovers up one side,
Within this place — a sheer bare cliff
Looks down a hundred feet in pride —
Perhaps there 's less of it — yet if
You shall come to the grove, and look
From off that precipice, the eye
Will scarce a single instant brook
Its wild and dark vacuity.
Yet is the rock's proud top a place,
Where one would love to sit and muse ;

For over you and round with grace,
The forest is with charms profuse ; —
Up the proud trunks the vines have run,
And gaudiest flowers start out from these,
And mosses brighter than the sun,
Circle the rocks and rooted trees ; —
And to that place, from distance borne,
A nimie cataract is heard,
Mingling its voice with note of bird,
From day till eve, from eve till morn.

When had the valley scarcely been
Snatch'd from the red men — masters here —
And came the first pale crowd of men
Into the wilderness then drear ;
The pastor of that rough stern flock,
A little flower brought with him mild —
One that might never bear life's shock,
A flower indeed in a strange wild ;
A daughter this — from lands afar
She had come to this Western scene ;
That father's single earthly star —
It ever made his sky serene ;

It shone in beauty like the light
That streams fresh from the morning bright.

To this still place among the hills
The early race did oft retire —
Where, awed by every thing that fills
The heart, and brings its purest fire,
In the sweet solitude — they knelt
Before the God that brought them o'er
The heaving seas — and there they felt
His Spirit come with double power ;
For back they could turn into life,
The better fitted for its strife.

It chanc'd this little flower — the daughter,
Soon learn'd to love this solitude ;
And oft she, woo'd by wind and water,
Would turn aside into the wood ;
And there long hours of sweetness pass,
In that sweet solitude — that was.
Soon learn'd she, with a new delight,
To love all there that Nature hath ;
The spreading vale, the mountain height,
The summer sky, and e'en its wrath ;

(For oft she loved on this high earth
To mark the storm-cloud rushing forth.)
But most she loved the sweet flowers round her,
And green leaves of that holy wood ;
Till every holy feeling bound her,
That charms the heart in solitude.

We know not how it chanc'd — but there,
As evening shot into the place,
An Indian boy gazed on that fair,
Sweet creature in her childish grace ; —
A child of that stern stock that late
Had call'd these lordly hills its own ;
And there *was* something nobly great,
In that proud form and eye that shone !
How long he gazed we may not say,
How oft he came at that still hour,
To see again that hallow'd ray
Of light, that seem'd t' have come with power ;
A light he never saw before,
A light that deck'd the heavens o'er ;
A light that made the fair earth smile,
Which else had been but dark the while ;

A light that gave to every thing,
 Sky, wind, and cloud — and day, and night —
A glory like the waking Spring,
 'Neath which he wander'd with delight !
Yet this we know, that forest child —
 The last proud eagle of his rock —
Loved no more the rude warfare wild,
 That is the glory of his stock :
He loved the solitude, alone,
 He loved the mountain-side — its thought ;
And oft alone, he made his moan,
 In the new language Love had taught :
Yet shrunk he from the gaze of men,
 And shrunk he from the light of day ;
And the rude Indians look'd with pain,
 To see his proud form waste away :
That he, the glory of their band —
 The eaglet left of their dead sire —
Should pass thus to the spirit's land ;
 The Indian Prophets would retire
To the old groves and prophesy
The whole of their proud race must die :
For He, the Genius of their race,
Was wroth with them — and hid his face.

The youth was miss'd — the tribe were gone —

That lovely pale-faced maiden too,

She had been snatch'd from heaven's sun —

A horror pass'd the valley through ;

And scarce the white man dared to say,

How had the maiden pass'd away.

It chanc'd, as Summer pass'd afar —

Autumn had come and gone — and o'er

The world had Winter driven his car,

And came the pleasant Spring once more ;

And melted off among the hills

The hills of snow the storm piled there,

And shouted loud the swollen rills,

Rushing forth to the balmy air ;

Some white men -- hunters -- passing by

This rock's base in the solitude,

And casting there a careless eye,

As streamed the light into the wood —

Lo ! at that base, locked heart to heart,

The Indian boy and maiden lay ; —

Life did not, nor could cold Death part

Hearts that seem'd made for each, for aye : —

And there, and cold and stiff, 'mid blooms

Just coming once more to the earth,

And young flowers wasting first perfumes
On merry breezes traveling forth,
They were, — the white men turned away,
They scarce could gaze upon their clay.

It is supposed they met and loved —
Loved with that life young hearts may know;
And as their union would have proved
A bliss to none but only woe —
A brief bliss-hour they had and cherish'd,
And then together thus had perish'd.

Who wanders there amid the wood,
Led by the simple story there,
Will find within the solitude,
A small white heap of stones, — the air,
They say, at eve oft hears a moan,
As of the youthful spirits gone.

REPROOF.



WHY should we be for ever drooping, sighing,
When so much round us is to make us wise?
We cannot look upon an insect dying,
We cannot look on the eternal skies —
We cannot look abroad upon "boon Nature,"
Nor hear a voice loud ringing from her soul,
But there is that to teach the immortal creature
Some mighty truths that ever should control.

And yet we go, one race upon another,
Drooping and sighing all along our way;
No one dares call his neighbour friend and brother,
Nor lets such feeling in his bosom sway;

Wrapping himself in selfishness and sorrow,
Seeking his own nor caring for aught more,
So waits each soul the light of each to-morrow,
While traveling here along this wondrous shore.

O, is such lesson taught us in this being —

Comes it from earth, or th' all-embracing skies ?

Who looks abroad and finds this in his seeing ?

Who hears it where earth's mighty heart replies ?

Is it the voice of ocean surging, rushing ?

Is it the voice of mighty waves that roar ?

Comes it from sweet brooks holy valleys brushing ?

Breathes it where vernal groves their pæans pour ?

Comes it from the great souls of ancient ages —

The mighty ones — the infinite in heart ;

The far-eyed seers — heroic bards and sages —

Who for their age have felt and done their part ?

Comes it from the pure word, God given and holy,

Placed in each hand, by every humble hearth,

To stay the soul, when crushed by guilt or folly,

And cheer the drooping spirit of the earth ?

O no, O no, — then let us no more wonder
At the strange mysteries that round us crowd,
But hear the voice loud echoing like deep thunder,
And sounding on from age to age so loud ;
Hear it, wherever we may be, life giving,
Gain courage, and still hoping press along ;
From holy earth, from holy heaven receiving
The voice of Wisdom and the tide of song !

A VISION OF WAR.



I HAD a vision. There did come to me
A thing for which I could not fix a name,
So dark, so wild, so awfully terrible,
Its presence made me shiver, and the tide
Which beat about the arteries of my heart,
Curdle with horror. 'T was a field of blood!
A battle-field, where Carnage rioted!
And War went thundering on his iron car,
Grinding its damning wheels on bones, and skulls,
And corpses gashed,—the red wounds spouting yet
The heart's blood freshly, and the upturn'd eye
Quivering beneath the vengeance!

There was one,
Straight as the ash, and sturdy as the rocks
Of his own native Macedon, and he
Did seem to lay his hand upon the world,
Till, gathering in one mighty clutch her kings
And emperors, he dashed them into dust
Like to another Jupiter, then planted
His own unlorded foot upon their necks,
And wept for more to murder! — He pass'd on.

Another came — with aspect less sublime,
Yet nobler far. The regal diadem
Sat him most kinglily; and there was that
Of majesty, and grandeur, and high thought,
In the deep fulness of his steady gaze,
That, wheresoe'er he turned him, that proud look
Did make the nations tremble! — He pass'd on.

Then presently, another came in view,
A unity of both; his sable front
Black as the scowl of Night, and, 'neath his brows,
Shaggy and knit and fierce, shot forth the soul
Whose glare was terrible. I saw him walk
The ocean like a god, and when he set

His armies on the shores of Italy,
The land shook to receive him. He strode on,
As if the earth were his, and he a thing
Superior to the elements. The storms,
Elanced by the Almighty on his breast,
He seem'd to take up and hurl back again,
Daring their worst. He laid his hand upon
The icy regions of eternal frost —
The old and mighty barriers of Nature,
And like a bawble in an infant's hand,
They crumbled and let him pass them! — He pass'd on.

Then saw I, at a glance, the three move on
To fight and victory. Where'er they came,
Their pathways were block'd up with dead men's skulls,
And bones, and rotting carcasses, and all
The hell of warfare! Villages sent up,
'Mid smoke and flame, the shrieks of famish'd ones,
"Urged by constraint of hunger" to feed on
The fruit of their own loins — their children murd'ring,
Sucking their blood for life; and virgins too,
Tender and delicate as the first-blown flower,
That, violated 'neath th' unblushing front
Of new-born heaven, were left spoiled, blasted, cursed,

Useless as weeds, or wrecks, on barren coasts,
Tossed up by ocean! Hospitals and dwellings
Choked to their gates with dead and dying men,
From whom sent up, were heard the fiendish yells,
And execrations of hell-stricken souls,
Dying unshrived and unaneled! Vast rivers
Ran blood, — ay, all their waves were clotted o'er,
As if their sources were some mighty heart
Gashed to its death! Huge ships went down on fire,
Belching their thunders! all incarnadine
Were land and sea, till Desolation sat
The mistress of the world! Then heard I there,
A voice more fearful than ten thousand thunders,
Calling to Judgment! the tall hills were bowed,
And ran in fire, the infinite hosts of heaven
Were out of place, and the dread sentence ran,
That “time shall be no more”!

The sound awoke me —

Trembling, and pale, and icy, as the hand
Of Death were on me, and while gushed the tears
Of thankfulness, I bowed me in the dust,
And poured unto high Heaven my solemn prayer,
That it was — but a dream.

M O R N I N G .

HE has no heart, who on a morn like this
Wakes not in glory with the glorious scene ;
He does not know the luxury of bliss,
Nor where its source is found, nor where has been ; —
He walks along the baser paths of life —
He drinks from streams that let him thirst again ;
He gains no strength to grapple with the strife,
Nor strong endurance for its fiery pain.

The sun goes up the eastern sky in glory,
And flings abroad a flood of fairy flame ;
The earth seems deck'd like earth in fairy story,
And every thing has beauty none can name ;

Along the mountains runs the eye in wonder,
Along the forests, and the valley bright —
Where the dark floods are sweeping on in thunder,
And the sweet brooks are laughing in the light.

And what a voice of sweetness earth is waking,
On every side of us — a burst of song !
As the full soul of Melody were breaking,
And its glad notes commingled, pour'd along ;
From the far forest, from the cōpsewood dingle,
From every grove, each stream bank, and smooth'd lea ;
From each, from all, the notes come, and then mingle
In all the soul has dreamed of harmony.

E'en the full heart of earth's Intelligence,
'T would seem were flooded with a newer joy ;
The storms that beat the spirit, hurry hence,
And comes again the gladness of the boy ;
'T would seem the thorns of sorrow could not press us,
'T would seem afflictions should be felt no more ;
And we could feel that earth has that to bless us,
And we are wandering on a flowery shore.

'T is true indeed, the earth has that which often
Crushes the soul, and beats it to the ground ;
And nothing seems there the poor heart to soften,
From the broad heavens above, or aught around ;
We go abroad upon its spreading bosom,
We keep the open ear for its sweet songs ;
Yet nothing see we like the flower in blossom,
And nothing hear we but the voice of wrongs.

Yet earth has that to fill the breast with gladness,
She often comes to us and wondrous seems ;
She drives afar the clouds that vex to madness,
And fills the soul with holiest, happy dreams ;
We then can feel there is a joy in being,
We love the world, and feel it loves us too ;
And we go on, its thousand beauties seeing,
While every moment gives us something new.

Like this glad morn, the earth puts on a brightness
The heart can feel, yet words can scarce express,
When the heart has the wildest sense of lightness,
And the soul *knows* the fairy world can bless ;

And we cast off each bitter thought of sorrow,
And seem to gather strength still to go on —
Our hopes all brighter for a bright to-morrow,
Our spirits sure to gaze upon the sun.

Thanks, for this world of beauty now around us,
Thanks for its light, and for its glorious joy ;
Thanks for the freedom from the chains that bound us,
Thanks for the wild, sweet gladness of the boy ;
While this wild pleasure thrills us till we fear it,
And e'en oppress'd the heart is from its sway,
Let the pure thought go up to the great Spirit,
And thank *Him* for the glories of the day !

“ I ROAM THE WORLD,” &c.

(WRITTEN UNDER THE PRESSURE OF SEVERE DISEASE.)

I ROAM the world with restless, aching bosom,
I look around, above, beneath, for bliss,
I see the Spring come on, I mark each blossom,
I hear the loud brooks shouting their release ;
I look to each sweet thing that Nature proffers,
I pray that it would fill this deep void here,
And yet there nothing is that Nature offers,
To still the raging soul, or wipe the tear.

I wander far away in cool green bowers,
Where the thick boughs shut out the sunny day,
The sense is sicken'd with the breath of flowers,
The ear is almost pain'd by waves at play ;

For there the fountain, from its cool cave gushing,
Comes with a voice of music to the light,
And down the mountain to the valley rushing,
It shouts along its pathway strangely bright.

There the cool boughs are with the winds in motion,
There the glad birds are full of life and song,
There every thing is to inspire devotion,
To give the poet's heart, the prophet's tongue ;
Who could believe the earth so full of beauty,
Who could believe great Nature thus could come,
And stir the thought up like the sense of duty,
And banish from the soul its awful gloom ?

I roam along where Ocean, upward throwing
Into the light his sweet waves in their play,
Gives to the eye a thousand colors glowing —
Yea, the full blaze that sparkles in the day ;
There the light waves go leaping and go chasing
After each other with a voice of song,
Or to the voiceful shore those same waves racing,
Burst on the rocks in a tumultuous throng.

Yet here they come up over gold sands lying
Low by the shore and underneath green boughs,
Breathing as soft and sweet as lover sighing,
Filling the air with all that Music knows ;
Cannot the music here the sense of sorrow
Banish afar, and bring life's bliss again —
And whisper sweetly of a sweet to-morrow,
That always follows on a present pain ?

I go forth too when Eve has come in splendor,
And the pale moon walks through the clouds of night.
And thought should wake, all holy, sweet, and tender,
And earth should wear her glory-garment bright ;
When the pale stars too one by one come slowly
Out from the darkness, take their places high —
And waken thoughts and feelings as Heaven holy,
There as they stream in wonder on the eye.

Morning I look at too — where is its brightness ?
Noon in its blaze, and twilight's tender hours ?
Twilight, when hearts should have the sense of lightness,
And the soul gather back its wasted powers !

I turn away too from unconscious Nature,
To where the eye and soul of Beauty are,
And life immortal lights up form and feature,
And think to find the sense of pleasure there.

And yet I find it not — o'er earth around me —
Or in the heart that fain would beat to mine ;
As though the very chains of Death had bound me,
So numb'd each sense is to the joy divine ;
Thus, though the world may shine in all its splendor,
Spring come, and make the earth laugh from its bloom,
I have no heart the which I can surrender,
I have no eye but such as seeks the tomb.

O, shall it ne'er come back, that sense of pleasure,
'That for so many years hath been mine own ?
Shall the heart never dance to music's measure,
From the sweet light and beauty round me thrown ?
Must I go onward in the life before me,
And never be again as I have been —
Spellbound, how oft, by Heaven's sweet skies bent o'er me,
Or thrilled with rapture from earth's glorious sheen ?

O, I will hope this cloud of awful sorrow
Shall pass away from spirit and from thought,
And yet shall be the beautiful to-morrow,
That Hope has ever from the future caught ;
I will believe the earth shall yet recover
The glory that she had for my young dream ;
That heaven's serenest skies shall still bend over,
And Joy's eternal sunshine round me stream !

LIFE'S PROMPTINGS.



LIFE has naught in it that should wake our fears,
 Its trials are its blessings — he who can
 See nothing here but evil, and who hears
 No voice of wisdom sounded out to man
 From these fierce trials; he who cannot scan
 Each trial as it rises, and see there
 Something should rather please in Heaven's great plan —
 He is for other regions than that air
 Wide and exalted, which earth's "wing'd ones" only dare.

We start in life — we come up from the gloom
 Of some far, previous being, vaguely dream'd;
 And the first thought is that the soul needs room,
 It cannot stretch itself — and it has seem'd

As if it saw a light, that, star-like, stream'd
On to a higher state that must be won.

He who is true to his own soul — has deem'd
The soul's course was right onward — he has run
The race most giant-like, and a great work has done.

He has laid hold of trials — how? as he

Who sinks beneath them? never! — they have been
Rather his best supporters — and we see

He is supported by them through the scene;

They purge his eyesight — give to life a sheen
Lent from the far, far world to which we haste;

And they have given the soul a grander mien,
And prouder looks he o'er the what is past,
Then turns his eye right onward — never backward cast.

And he too is prepared for what may be

Lovely and glorious of the present state; —
The grandeur and the glory we all see

Round us in Nature, beautiful or great;

The grandeur that we see too, where, elate,
Some kindred soul speaks with ours as we go;

And grandeur too of earth's far, ancient date,
As its great souls through History do show —

These come with power — give heart and soul a nobler glow.

And if that purest passion of this life,
Love! holy, heavenly, beating in some heart,
Cometh to cheer us in the fiery strife,
And of our own high souls becomes a part, —
An element, a thing that wont depart,
But clings to ours with an immortal power;
O, how this cheers us! — with new life we start
On in the race, gain courage every hour,
And only laugh at clouds that may around us lower!

And that high voice that comes to us from all
That's o'er or round us, beating through the soul,
This the soul hears too, and it bursts the thrall
Earth would bind round earth — doth — around the whole;
And loosen'd from this last and worst control,
On with still firmer purpose yet we strive —
Cheering the soul with visions, while doth roll
Through the high heart that bliss by which we live,
Yet which shall Heaven alone, in perfect fulness, give.

O, then fear not, thou bold heart! setting forth
In the great race of time the great have run,
But gird thyself with all the strength that earth
Hath for each genuine and immortal son; —

Seize each assistant, press on, till is won
The goal at which all noble ones do aim ; —
And fear not but a great work shall be done, —
Fear not but thou shalt win a glorious name,
Ay, with the noblest stand, immortal, crown'd with fame !

THIS COUNTRY PRODIGAL IN THEMES FOR
POETRY.

(PART OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND.)

ATHENÆ's thunders shook the forum's base,
Athenæ's triumphs shook the public ways;
Athenæ's glories gave her name a place,
And, 'mid the deathless ones of ancient days,
Wrote it on high in fire! — there yet it stays.
Far through the night of ages we behold
The distant hill-tops glittering in the blaze, —
The floods of splendor Poesy has roll'd
Over those ancient States — heart, mind, and soul controll'd!

And Poesy 's a dweller in this land,
“Nurse of the brave, and bulwark of the free”;
Where on each mountain-top and groaning strand,
God hath impress'd the seal of liberty;

O'er which there bendeth a cerulean sky,
And through which, gushing from a thousand springs,
Vast rivers pour their tributes to the sea;
Where every grove with wildest music rings,
And every breeze round all the balmiest fragrance flings.

We have no temples gray and worn with years,
No proud fanes crumbling into worthless dust;
We have no gorgeous tombs, on which appears
The warrior's epitaph encased in rust;
Where, o'er the ashes of the mighty just,
The living show their pride and littleness;
Nor have we left us in poetic trust,
Parnassian steeps and grottos, where caress
Nymphs, Fays, and Fauns, as Seers or holiest bards express.

Yet have we mountains, whose proud summits throw
The sun's reflection back upon a heaven
As blue, and where as brilliant colors glow,
As sainted bards to Italy have given;
And we have rocks by storm and thunder riven,
That tower aloft in silent majesty;
And we have rivers to the ocean driven,
And we have cataracts, that, plunging free,
Onward sublimely swell, and thunder to the sea.

And we have forests, where, from changing skies,
The frowns of Winter, or the smiles of Spring,
Pierce not the glooms, — yet where, of loveliest dyes,
Throughout the year, young flowers are blossoming ;
Our dells, though there no Nymph be listening,
Are hallow'd by the spirits of the dead ;
The Indian warrior there with bow and string,
Faced the destructive foe with manly tread,
And like a hot-press'd lion fought, and like a lion bled.

Their names are written on each inch of ground,
And flash'd in light from every torrent's foam ;
Their deeds are echoed by the winds around,
That with the morning and the evening come —
They say we tread within the red man's home ; —
This is a theme to stir the soul of song,
Give tongues to stocks, and fire the mountains dumb ;
Yea, and the land, indignant at the wrong,
Should catch that hymn of fire, as loud it pour'd along !

We boast bright lakes, that, like an infant press'd
Within its nurse's arms, reposing lie
Mid mountains, — On their scarcely rippling breast,
Small snowy cloudlets dot a mimic sky ;

Tall crags that line their shores, and pois'd on high,
 Mark their dark outlines glass'd upon the lake ;
 And wild birds flit above, and sweet their cry
 Is echoed to their nestlings in the brake,
 Where the young billows dash, and lull them scarce awake.

And having these, say, are we dead to all
 That from the noblest of man's nature springs?
 With us, hath not the heart its festival —
 The hour of bliss Imagination brings,
 When like that heavenly bird, that, soaring, sings,
 And sweeter sings till hooded in the sky,
 The soul borne upward on seraphic wings,
 Shouts from its fulness of delight, and high
 From world to world soars far — the *life* of Poesy?

O, for the Spirit of the ancient day,
 Spirit of sweet song, to come o'er the main ;
 And waken mind, and bid the fancy play,
 Till we shall seem to hear, and loud, again,
 The very music of the ancient strain ; —
 Till caught the beauty and the grandeur here
 Flash'd all around us, erewhile flash'd in vain,
 Mind here becomes "mute Nature's worshiper,"
 And the sweet voice of song rolls round the glorious year

ENERGY OF THE PAST WORTHY OF IMITATION.

(AN EXTRACT.)

AND yet in some things earth's first nations were
 Models for us — they had great energy ;
 This they put forth the loftiest heights to dare,
 And those they reach'd ; and in the upper sky,
 Staring upon the sun with eagle eye,
 They did maintain them, — like to gods they seem'd ; —
 We wonder at their might and majesty,
 We wonder at the light that from them stream'd,
 As bright as is some sun, of which has fancy dream'd !

We see this, if we wish it, standing by
 Old Nilus, as he rolls his flood along,
 In the great pyramids that spike the sky ; —
 And where so many thousand years, among

The mighty rocks and ruins that still throng
Those great shores, they maintain sublimest state ; —
Go to the pyramids — gaze on them — strong ;
Deem that the soul that built them was not great,
And with man's highest, mightiest thoughts was not elate ?

What piled those rocks into the upper sky ?

Say, 't was man's hand ? what 's this without his thought ;
Something that comes forth in the energy,
That is alone by man from Heaven caught ;
Something that comes to earth, and with power fraught,
Without which earth were lonely as a tomb ;
Yet with which is lit up the loneliest spot, —
With which is laugh'd off every cloud of gloom,
Till o'er her wide, sweet face, there is for grief no room ?

Heaven hath lit up the world with beauty — but

Art came from man's hand — this which proves his birth ;
This the sublimest finish God could put
To his whole work and call it one of worth, —
To give the curious intellect, that forth
From this might start a grace we never see
Elsewhere, throughout the whole wide sweep of earth ; —
Earth is all beauty — wondrous — yet have we
Given from man's great soul express Divinity.

And turn again to where Greece piles on high
 Her temples on each towering, dizzy steep;
 Gives out there genuine grace and majesty,
 Till we do wonder; and we almost weep
 To see that wondrous grace — to see her keep
 That grace, while yet her soul is in the dust.
 O, was not greatness there? did it not sweep
 On in its mighty track, as if it must
 Approve itself to earth — this her submitted trust?

Look on her temples — how they smite the skies
 From all her mountains! Trace her vales along!
 What are these glorious piles that here arise?
 And what is this Divinity among
 Scenes where already Heaven, in beauty young,
 Has its own graces exquisitely fair?
 Go to each grot and cave — they have a tongue!
 The wild, mute marble is yet speaking there,
 And a soul comes from these as great as it is rare.

And you may see in all her history,
 A something that the heart feels was sublime; —
 See how she gather'd as each year went by,
 Noting thus gloriously each notch of time,

All the great subjects of her wondrous clime ;
Gather'd here too, the great world to look on,
Then show'd her Art, shouted some glorious hymn,
Pour'd forth her eloquence with clarion tone,
And taught the assembled world how glory might be won !

And Rome too, mastering the trembling earth,
Leaping, a thunderbolt, out from her height ;
Pouring her armies like a sea let forth,
'Gainst nation after nation in great might ;
And riding o'er them with a fierce delight,
Or chaining them and dragging them her slaves ; —
What see we here but that which awes the sight,
Ay, like the wild sweep of the ocean's waves,
Or the vast fires of Hell, crush'd from earth's deepest caves

And e'en old priestly, rotten Rome gives forth
Something of this same energy and grace ; —
We praise it not — its moral — a dread dearth
It brought, wherever it, o'er earth's sweet face,
Went, and a single instant could find place ; —
Still there was something in the power of Rome,
Going forth thus in her selected race,
Blinding men's eyes and dragging them to doom,
We must believe did first from the high Heavens come.

But might, how awfully perverted! — look

At the vast shadows cast forth wide and far,
When she had clouded the eternal book ;

And with the cloud so placed, went forth to war
On all light — with the bolts of Hell to bar
Man from approaching the eternal shrine !

Did the Great Heavens look forth upon her there,
And recognize within her the divine
And hallow'd light once lent, o'er all the earth to shine ?

This giant energy of minds of old,

We should put forth with our sublimer light.
Not that we be like Egypt, warp'd, controll'd
By a mere love of knowledge, while a night
Deeper than death is on our souls, our sight
Blinded to what is truly great of earth ; —

Nor like great Greece concentrate all our might,
That we renown'd in Art and Grace stand forth,
Or like old Rome in War, or Rome of Priestly worth ;

But like the spirit, feeling its own might,

That up and onward goes, and guards within
That sense of truth and peace where all is light ; —
Where the great powers of Error, Guilt, and Sin

Are banish'd, — and the stings of conscience keen
No longer lacerate the bleeding breast ; —
And God looks forth, with approbation e'en,
Upon the soul, thus upward, onward press'd
By the great might of Truth that hath *His* nature bless'd.

Why have we thought, and mind, and soul, and sense,
That we may read the past as in Heaven's light ;
Draw forth what lessons there are given thence,
Or search within ourselves to learn the right ;
And learn all man should learn and keep in sight,
Would we be true to Him that made the soul ?
And why this other source now of truth bright,
Placed in the hands of each without control,
And which Heaven bids us read, ay, and obey the whole ?

Had God an object, when he sprang forth this
Lovely and wondrous world into the sun ;
And when he bade each star sublime that is
Sparkling around it, rise up and roll on ; —
When over all the earth he bade them run
Its living verdure — digg'd the ocean forth ; —
Digg'd out the rivers too — and, when 't was done,
Roll'd the wild waters through them in mad mirth,
Till their large voice rings round the whole rejoicing earth ?

And when he had the forests robed in green,
 Deck'd forth sweet groves of harmony and love ;
 And then that he might grace put to the scene,
 Grace that should plainly seem flung from above,
 Bade man come forth, upon its fair face move,
 Upon it walk in glory and in pride ;
 Be its great master, all its beauties prove,
 Walk forth from north to south, and far and wide,
 And be with wonder fill'd by all that he espied ?

And last of all, when mind had darken'd mind,
 Soul ruin'd soul, and all was night indeed,
 Came the sure Word to lighten all mankind ; —
 That the poor human heart no more might bleed
 Age after age, and cry aloud in need,
 And seek its thousand vain ways to be bless'd ?
 Heaven had its object — may it ever speed —
 Till the whole earth shall, in its new light dress'd,
 Sit at the feet of Truth, acknowledg'd and confess'd !

SONNETS.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

I.

'T is hard to walk abroad upon the earth,
 And keep our faith sublime in erring man ;
 He has so little of his Father's worth,
 His end would seem but nothingness and vain ; —
 See how he crouches to become the slave
 Of foul old errors that exploded are,
 And see how ready too, yea, proud and brave
 To bolster up what none but devils dare ; —
 Should not the stock that raises the great tree
 Full to the Heavens, and bids its blossoms forth —
 Thoughts all eternal — other than this be,
 Pleased with base follies, rioting in mirth ;
 Deeming life only as a holiday —
 As if to laugh and sleep were all man may ?

II.

He has the true Divinity within,
Whose thought is ever upward — he alone, —
Who scorns the toil and sweat for life unclean,
When we may rise unto the higher one ; —
The purer path is not of some lone star,
“ Far in the blue untended and alone,”
Which our fond souls may gaze upon afar,
And ever sigh, but never reach the sun ; —
No, there is to each soul immortal wings
Given, yet lock'd close — by what? our iron will, —
We *will* to toil amid the perishable things,
And fret away a life amid the ill ;
O, that we would unclose them while we may,
And like the eagle soar into the day!

III.

How much there is if we would seek to rise,
To help us upward, given to us here !
First, we may *see* the beauty of the skies,
For all is writ imperishably clear ; —
Love hath come down, and with a pen of fire
All that bright city and its streets hath drawn —

And musical as is an angel's lyre
So is the sweetness as that love sings on ; —
All that could catch the eye and fire the soul
Is fully given, and we bid to set forth —
And every thing that should the heart control,
All is array'd to cheer us through the earth ;
Yes, how much is there in the world to make
The soul look up and struggle for truth's sake !

IV.

And the sweet counterpart of love is writ
Round on material things, — look ! where it gleams
In every star that Love eternal lit,
See it around us in the woods and streams !
What is the beauty rushing on the eye,
Whether we look abroad at early dawn,
Or whether we would gaze upon the sky
When the clouds have come down and night comes on :
Or whether we in the meridian day
Look up or round us at the flashing scene,
And catch the light of every holy ray
Upon the mountains or the forests green, —
What is it but the beauty that we see,
Where Truth speaks in the Word imploringly ?

v.

And what a voice of love great Nature hath,
Yes, in her softer or sublimer scenes —
The ocean howling to the storm in wrath,
Or the low whispering fount the old oak screens!
The forest shouting to the sobbing wind,
Or the low reeds that line the margin green
Of some gay golden brook sweet osiers bind,
Or bright groves shelter as it pours between;
The shout of birds at early morning sent,
Voices of breezes in the solemn wood,
Or rustling leaf, like fairy instrument,
Trembling to song through all the solitude;
All are but voices of that mighty Power,
That would the dead to life again restore!

SONNETS.

THE SEASONS.

I.

THE Spring in beauty lies upon the earth —

The Winter's gone — the blades and leaves and flowers

Start to the sight beneath the sun and showers,

And now they spread abroad in all their worth ; —

Hark, to the music of the grove and wood —

Hark, to the breeze — and hark, the housing bee !

And the brook too, that in a merry mood

Starts from the mount or cave all shouting free !

Shall not the heart wake in a scene like this,

The eye look up with joy and look around,

And the soul draw forth an exalted bliss,

As from the joyous notes and smiling ground ?

Yes, be not we, the immortal, backward, when

Such joyous life rings wild from grove and glen !

II.

The Summer comes in matron beauty glowing,
Lo, how she queens it over sky and earth —
Her thousand beauties on the gaze bestowing,
Her spiritual thoughts too bidding into birth!
Not all of joy the thought should be when Nature
Offers herself unto the immortal eye,
But the high, spiritual soul in each sweet feature
Should something see to give it majesty, —
See there is something, as the months move on,
Dressing the earth with beauty and the sky,
Till from them all an energy is won,
Giving the soul more grace and purity,
Fitting it better to go on its way,
Humble and true — t' endure, or fight, or pray.

III.

I shall not ask for poesy from thee,
Sad, yet soul-stirring Autumn — for it comes,
Flooding the very spirit from thy glooms,
Waking the thoughts and pouring them forth free!
See the wild glories on the mountain-side,
See in the valleys, by the thousand streams;
Lo, how it comes too from the faded beams

That stream down from the sky — no more of pride !
Hark, to the pensive music of the wind,
Hark the sad note from yon black, faded bough ;
How it comes o'er the melancholy mind,
And what a flood of softness wakes it now !
He is no poet who, when Autumn comes,
Feels not a full heart 'mid its damps and glooms.

IV.

Winter is here — a single note for him —
Yet not of gloom — behold, his brow is light —
Ay, as the robe of fire-rapt Seraphim
Before the throne intolerably bright !
There 's music in the hoarse voice of the wood,
And in the swollen and crowded floods that roll,
And o'er the wide and open solitude
Voices are heard that press upon the soul ; —
The clouds that fill the sky — the snows that drive
Fierce by our doors, or louder o'er the plain —
From each, from all, the quick heart doth receive
A thrill of pleasure that would mock at pain ; —
Come then, old Winter, bring us pleasure here,
We 'll bind a wreath for thee, cold, hated, drear.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

“Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.”

SHAKSPEARE.

SILENCE and night, it is the time for thought,
And the lone dreamer sends his weary eye,
Out from the casement, up to the dim stars,
And deems that from those rolling worlds comes to him
A cheering voice. How beautiful they are —
Those sparkling fires in that eternal void !
They seem like jewels on the crown of Him,
The Lord ! the Crucified ! They do hang there,
Bright, as when bursting o'er this lower world

Then heaving into beauty — the fair lands,
Valleys and hills — the streams, the lakes, the seas,
With their blue depths — the ocean, with its waves
Restless for ever, — as when these burst forth,
And over them God spread this canopy
Of grandeur and of glory ! There they hang —
Emblems of His great hand who placed them there,
And bade them roll to one eternal hymn
Of heavenly harmony ! Away, away,
Farther and farther on thought flies, and yet
Reaches them not. Beyond the wild, blue track
Of this our world it sweeps — beyond the track
Of that ring'd orb the heathen deified,
Old Saturn named — beyond the farthest star,
That twinkles round the sun — ay, and beyond
The track sublime of the great sun himself,
Hanging alone in heaven, — beyond all these,
Thought, seraph-wing'd, sweeps daringly, and yet
Reaches not the first trace of those far fires,
Glowing, yet never fading — myriads burning
In the blue concave, where no thought may pierce,
Save the Eternal's. And yet those bright orbs
Created were, and in harmonious march
Traverse the air together. Not one of all

Those sparkling points of scarce distinguishable flame,
But hath its part and place in that grand scheme,
Fixed by the God of Heaven. Laws, times, place, motions,
All these each hath, and there they roll for ever,
Changing and yet unchanged. The wilder'd mind
Turns from the scene amazed, and asks itself
If this can be !

And yet, how Fancy dreams
Of those bright worlds ! Tell us, ye unseen Powers !
Ye that do gather round us in these hours
When the impassion'd world lies lock'd in sleep
And the day's whirl is over — tell us here,
What are those rolling worlds ? Are there bright scenes,
Such as we dream of here ? Are there fair realms,
Robed in such hues as this ? Do wild hills there,
Heave their high tops to such a bright blue heaven
As this which spans our world ? Have they rocks there,
Ragged and thunder-rent ; through whose wild chasms
Leap the white cataracts, and wreath the woods
With rainbow coronets ? Spread such bright vales
There in the sunlight ? — cots and villages ? —
Turrets, and towers, and temples, — dwell these there,
Glowing with beauty ? Wilderness and wild,

Heaving and rolling their green tops, and ringing
With the glad notes of myriad-colored birds
Singing of happiness—have they these there?
Spread such bright plains there to th' admiring eye,
Veined by glad brooks, that to the loose, white stones,
Tell their complaint all day? Waves, spreading sheets,
That mirror the white clouds, and moon, and stars,
Making a mimic heaven? Streams, mighty streams!
Waters, resistless floods! that, rolling on,
Gather like seas, and heave their waves about,
Mocking the tempest? Ocean! those vast tides,
Tumbling about the globe with a wild roar
From age to age?

And tell us, do those worlds
Change like our own? Comes there the merry Spring,
Soft and sweet-voiced, and in its hands the wealth
Of leaves to deck the forest—flowers, and scatter'd
In the green vales and on the slopes, to fling
Over a faëry world,—and feathery winds,
And airs, and smiling sunshine—birds, and bees,
Filling the soft savannas with the sound
Of their low murmurings? Have they the months
Of the full Summer, with its skies, and clouds,

And suns, and showers, and soothing fragrance sent
Up from a thousand tubes? And Autumn too,
Pensive and pale, do these sweet days come there —
Wreathing the wilderness with such gay bands
Of brightness and of beauty, till the earth,
Late fresh and flowering, seems like some fair bride,
Met, in the month of dalliance, with the frosts
Of a too-killing sorrow? And sublime —
Within his grasp the whirlwinds, and his brows
White with the storms of ages, and his breath
Fett'ring the streams, and ribbing the old hills
With ice, and sleet, and snow — and, far along
The sounding ocean's side, his frosty chains
Flinging, till the wild waves grow mute, or mutter
Only in their dread caves, — old Winter! he —
Have you *him* there?

And tell us, hath a God,
Sentient and wise, placed there the abstruser realm
Of thinking and of feeling? Have ye minds,
Grasping and great like ours? — and reaching souls,
That, spurning their prison, burst away and soar
Up to a mightier converse, than the rounds
Of a dull daily being? And warm hearts,

Do they dwell there? — hearts fondly lock'd to hearts,
Into each other's natures pouring, wild,
Floods of deep feeling, and a life so sweet
Death doth but make it sweeter? Have ye dreamers?
Young hearts! proud souls! that catch from every thing
A greatness and a grandeur of delight,
That common souls feel not? — souls that do dwell
Only in thoughts of beauty, linking forth,
Into one mystic chain, the fadecless flowers
And wreaths of immortality? — that dwell
Only to think and feel, and be the slaves
Of a sad nature, and, when life is over,
Only to take the charnel with the hope,
A star may hang above them for the eye
Of the far slumbering ages?

False, false, all!

And vain the wing of fancy to explore
The track of angels! Vain thought, to fold back
This gorgeous canopy, and send the eye
On to those realms of glory! Mighty One!
Thou who dost look on all — the great, the good,
Humbled, or hoping, — pride, or the poor wretch
Laid on his mat of misery — thou dost watch,

And thou hast power o'er all ! Thou hast alone,
Wrapp'd in thine own immensity, the power,
To paint a leaf, or roll ten thousand worlds
Around the universe ! O, let the heart,
'Trembling and awe-struck here, lay its poor hope
Low at thy feet ; and trust that thou, at last,
When thou shalt shake these heavens, and rend away
The pillars of the universe, wilt save
This glimmering mind now here, to be a star —
Bright, for some other world !

NOON IN THE FOREST.



THIS is indeed a sacred solitude,
And beautiful as sacred. Here no sound,
Save such as makes the stillness seem more still,
Falls on the ear, and all around the eye
Meets naught but hath a moral. These deep shades,
With here and there an upright trunk of ash,
Or beech, or nut, whose branches interlaced
O'ercanopy us, and, shutting out the day,
A twilight make — they press upon the heart
With a strange meaning, and a varied power.
These trunks enormous, from the mountain's side
Torn roots and all by whirlwinds; those vast pines,
Athwart the ravine's melancholy gloom
Transversely cast; these monarchs of the wood,

Dark, gnarl'd, centennial oaks, that throw their arms
So proudly up; those monstrous ribs of rock,
That, shiver'd by the thunder's stroke, and hurl'd
From yonder cliff, their bed for centuries,
Here crushed and wedged — all by their massiveness
And silent strength, impress us with a sense
Of Deity. And here are wanted not
More delicate forms of beauty. Numerous tribes
Of natural flowers do blossom in these shades,
Meet for the scene alone. At every step,
Some beauteous combination of soft hues,
Less brilliant though than those that deck the field,
The eye attracts. Mosses of softest green
Creep round the trunks of the decay'd trees,
And mosses, hueless as the mountain snow,
Inlay the turf. Here softly peeping forth,
The eye detects the little violet
Such as the city boasts — of paler hue,
Yet fragrant more. The simple forest flower,
And that pied gem, the wind-flower, sweetly named,
Here greet the search. And their soft, delicate forms
And breath of perfume, send th' unwilling heart
And all its aspirations to the source
Of light and life. And woodland sounds are here,

Such as the mind to that soft melancholy
The poet feels, lull soothingly. The winds
Are playing with the forest tops in glee,
And music make. Sweet rivulets, clear, cool,
Slip here and there from out the crevices
Of rifted rocks, and, welling 'mid the roots
Of prostrate trees or blocks transversely cast,
Form jets of driven snow. Soft symphonies,
Of birds unseen, on every side swell out,
As if the spirit of the wood complained,
Harmonious, and most prodigal of sound;
And these can woo the spirit with such power,
And tune it to a mood so exquisite,
That the enthusiast heart forgets the world,
Its strifes and follies, and seeks only here
To satisfy its thirst for happiness.

To shades and solitudes have poets ever
Turn'd for instruction, and in these soft forms
Of ever-varying beauty, and the sounds
Of natural harmony, have deemed they found
Truths of strange import, and have drawn from thence
Lessons of wisdom. Hence the fanciful
And beautiful superstition of the world,

In other ages. Founts that the shepherd's lip
Cooled, made him thankful, and the spring became
A benefactress. Music in the hills,
Made him associate some captive god
With music there. The reeds that in the stream
Sighed to the voluble breathing of the wind,
Shaped out a Nymph, that, henceforth, with bright locks
Guarded its waters. Hence the orgies,
And rites druidical in solemn groves
Of early Britain ; for the very airs,
From rock, or steep, or gloomy solitude,
Or mount, or cave, breathed over him, and moved
His spirit to such universal Love,
He felt it was from God. Then, since these groves
Are held the residence of spiritual
And breathing essences, let me here feel
The beauty that there is in the calm shade,
The wisdom too, and while from every thing
Goes up a silent worship into Heaven,
Rapt be the poet with the theme he sings,
And, gathering thence his strength, be better fitted
To follow out life's daily charities,
And tread the way rejoicing.

MAY MORNING.

(A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.)

A SWEETER holier morn there could not be,
Beauty was all abroad in the soft air,
The sky seem'd garnish'd for a jubilee,
It bent above so beautifully fair,
And every thing above, beneath, around,
Was full of life and poetry and sound.

The earth lay clad in one fresh flood of green,
Slept on the bended blades the emerald dew,
And oft the early violet was seen,
Adventurous bursting up the green sod through,
And as I pass'd the streams gush'd forth in glee,
And by my side humm'd low the path-side bee.

The young winds whispered on the aspen spray,

The early birds that left their nestlings there,
Glanced out and in to greet the new-born day,

Which falling on their golden plumage fair,
Made all the wood along its openings
Gleam with the Iris colors of glad wings.

The leaves were dancing in the solitudes,

And from the forest's skirts the breeze stole out,
And from the dim recesses of the woods

Broke on the list'ning ear the torrent's shout.
And faintly heard and interruptedly,
From the low vale came up the herdsman's cry.

And there and cradled in tranquillity,

The lake lay slumbering in the morning air,
Above whose glassy breast the broad blue sky

Bent down to see a mimic heaven there.
And there and sparkling in the rosy beam,
The willow dipp'd its tresses in the stream.

TO ———.



I MET thee in the morn of life,
When every thing was in its Spring,
And sure we loved and from our souls,
If heart to heart did ever cling ;
I know my heart beat wild to thine,
As few have beat this side the skies,
And thine methought was link'd to mine,
By love's most hallow'd mysteries.

We have been torn asunder since,
Our pathways have been far apart,
And ours has been the lot that stings,
And bitterly the bleeding heart ;

We have not known a sky all sun,
We have not had a path all light,
And o'er us both have bent the clouds,
That pour down on the world its night.

I love thee yet — dost thou love me?
I tell thee my heart still goes forth,
And calls thee dearest of all things,
That stretch around o'er this waste earth;
I see not in the throng of pride,
I scarcely meet in Fancy's land,
One grasping all my soul as thou,
Or swaying it with thy command.

I had deem'd years ago thou couldst
No more chain up this fiery heart;
That lost e'en was the power to feel,
As I have felt with thee apart;
I did not dream that but to catch,
As now the glance of that wild eye,
Would be to feel again thy power,
In all its wild, deep energy.

As yet as in the day that 's dead,
My heart feels and it owns thy spell,
And round me seems again the chain,
So strong and yet invisible ;
That same eye seems like Heaven's to me,
That same lip as it did in dreams,
And that wild flood of locks as erst,
Round thee in golden torrents streams !

We 've walk'd as erst the forest paths,
And places known in other days ;
And gazed upon the glorious sky,
And Morn's and Eve's more glorious blaze ;
By streams and lakes we both have loved,
And heard all the sweet music there,
Till back we seem'd translated to
The days when thought was light as air.

If ever back in fancy rush'd
The pride and beauty of the past,
And o'er us, in its morning flush,
Life's early lights and hopes were cast,

Methinks 't was gazing on thee there,
And hearing thee, and telling o'er
The world where once we dream'd, and joys
We both had known and loved before.

O, strange, strange, that it will live on,
This passion of the human heart ;
Through all life's joys, through all life's tears,
And be that same, strange, fiery part ;
That after years can crush it never,
And cares that crush us down, cannot
Affright it from the soul, or change
Its power of feeling and of thought !

Strange, it will live when other loves,
Like flowers have sprung up in the breast,
And other hearts have been to us
The lights of life, belov'd, caress'd ;
Strange, that that early, first, deep lovè,
Like some deep well-spring far beneath,
Will in still hours pour forth its waves,
Yes, till the soul is hush'd in death !

Strange, that love's heart will not grow old —

That all life's other passions die,

And yet years only give to this

A mightier intensity ;

That like some torrent pour'd along

The sounding vales in wrath and pride,

This rolls on through the human heart,

And ever wid'ning, deep'ning tide !

Strange, that the man by love renews

Again the loveliness of youth,

And feels again restored its green,

Fresh images and forms of truth ;

And leaps again the young, light heart,

And dance life's hopes in crowds along,

And echoes round and over us,

Life's first, wild, glad and glorious song !

Ah, they do sin indeed who say

That love can pass away with life ;

Its power is not, nor is its joy,

Confined within a world of strife ;

Who feels its power has felt this too —

It shall live on, boast wider sway,

When life's night, in Heaven's holier dawn,

Bursts into an immortal day !

HEARTS WE LOVE.



THEY talk of homes amid the wild,
And fancy decks them forth,
With every charm that ever smiled
To beautify the earth;
Yet sure I am the purest flame
E'er human heart did move,
Is that sweet light that burneth bright
In happy hearts we love.

The sailor sails upon the sea,
His heart, his home is there;
The spirit's veriest witchery
Comes in that spot and air;

He proud will roam, and dare the foam,
And all its wonders prove,
Yet sure we are no rest is there
Like that in hearts we love.

And one will find his home in fame,
Another in his gain,
And some despise a glorious name
And riot in the mean;
With different mind they each will find
A joy, a thing to move,
And such it is, but not the bliss
That lives in hearts we love.

And some have thought the martyr's crown,
So full of glories bright,
Had joys, from its fire circlet won,
To thrill with wild delight;
Such will receive — such crown will give
A joy like that above,
Yet nothing sure than bliss more pure
That burns in hearts we love.

Others have thought the poet's fire
Unearthly pleasure has,
And light there is around his lyre
That doth in Heaven blaze ;
He strikes the string, his numbers ring,
Rapt is his soul above,
And yet his bliss is not like this
Found in the hearts we love.

When morning comes, we go abroad
Upon the vernal earth,
And feel the very breath of God
Is in its shouting mirth ;
The heart 's not still, — with wildest thrill
Its living pulses move,
Yet comes there not with all this thought
The bliss of hearts we love.

The warrior dares the angry path
Where death-doomed surges swell ;
The madness of its awful wrath
He seeks — it pleases well ;

Yet go to him when stars burn dim
O'er those life late did move,
Ask if his pleasure has that large measure
Poured from the hearts we love.

Then give me one in which my own
Shall ever centred be,
And I will spurn the monarch's throne —
The richer man than he ;
There 's not o'er all this earthly ball
One joy like this to move —
A happy heart that dwells apart,
And lives in our own love.

THE FIRST DECEMBER STORM.



It has come again, and it sweeps along,
The storm in its rapid might ;
We hear it howling among the woods,
It sweeps from the stars their light ;
We hear his voice as he rolls along,
Borne from the icy north,
And we feel it shake to his fearful wing —
This old and crazy earth.

We have had the Spring in its light and bloom,
The vales and the hills all flowers,
And the lovely light of the sweet Spring sky,
And all its sweets were ours ;

The Summer came too, in matron grace,
And the world smiled as she moved,
And the Summer bless'd us as she can bless,
She hath loved us and was beloved.

And the pleasant Autumn pass'd along,
And a pleasant power she had,
And yet round the heart she flung her chain,
Till its very bliss was sad;
Over the leaves, over the flowers,
Cast to the earth along,
She sung a melancholy note,
And the heart join'd with her song.

But here we have, and he comes in wrath,
The tyrant of the year;
And he breathes from his furious lips the snows,
And the sleet and the ice severe;
And over the hills, over the vales,
He flies with rapid wing,
And he chains the waves, and withers up
All that danced to the touch of Spring.

Yet he is not, surely without some charm,
For see ! where he drives along ;
Lo ! in what clouds he wraps himself,
And hark ! to his thunder-song ;
He bows the forest with his fierce breath,
He spreads himself on the waves,
And the old waves pause in their stormy joy,
Or howl in their hidden caves.

He piles the snow in the vales, he heaps
The hills till they prouder are ;
He decks the forest with all the fires
That live in the rainbow's glare ;
He brings us too, the thoughts of home,
For we gather the hearth-stone round,
And here, while his voice is heard without,
Are love and its blessings found.

O, forget not now such as shrink to-day,
From the storm that howls along ;
And forget not the wretches that shrink to-night,
As they hear from on high his song ;

Let feelings such as wake the heart
That feels for its brother's woe,
Lead us to send to the God of storms,
A prayer for earth's wretched now !

So shall the Winter, coming on
Furious, and driving by,
Inspire with thoughts of joy, and wake
Each social sympathy ;
And, further — bless the heart with thoughts
That yearn for our human kind,
Till we learn to welcome the god of storms,
And the howl of the wintry wind !

D R E A M S .



WHERE is the man in his later years,
Who does not sometimes long
To go back to the dreams of his early life,
And its many feelings strong ;
To forget the thoughts that now line his brow,
To fling off the load from his breast,
And to see again, and to feel again,
As he did in those days so blest ?

He is not man who thinks not like this,
He has lost his heart with its youth ;
He has flung away all his life's sweet flowers,
He has lost all a young heart's truth ;

He is chain'd to dust like an eagle flung
By the storm to the frozen earth ;
And he lies there draggled, and yet content —
He has lost all his godlike worth.

Can a man, amid the things that now
Press him, and chain him down ;
With the many thoughts that now must be his,
And when e'en life's pleasures frown ; —
Can a man behold all the eye must see,
Look at the earth as it is,
And not turn again, and not sigh to win,
For a moment, life's early bliss ?

That bliss, 't is true, had its little cares,
The youthful eye oft ran o'er,
And the little heart, a frighten'd bird,
Beat, till its wings were gore ;
And crush'd was the hope, and cheek'd the dream
That offer'd the heart to bless ;
Still, with the years that have run away,
There have run *not* life's miseries.

O, for the dreams of the youthful mind !

O, for the thoughts that then

Danced like the waves, flew like the light,

Beyond e'en an angel's ken !

O, for the magic power that caught

The light from heaven's burning throne,

And flung it over this lovely world,

Till like heaven's own orb it shone !

And the young mad dreams of the young mad boy,

The wealth that the heart would win,

The smile like heaven's, the eye a star,

And the casket it trembled in !

O, the pleasing forms hearts can conjure up,

The life and loveliness,

That come in our dreams, live in our thoughts,

And all that we deem'd would bless !

'T is true, we know, these are but dreams now,

Crush'd are our hopes of fame ;

Perish'd the light of the boy's gay world,

Its beauty is now a name ; —

The heart now dances no more as wont,
Cold goes the blood and slow ;
But yet, 't is sweet, a moment here,
To dream — 't was not always' so.

THE LOVE OF FAME.



STRANGE, that it will so deeply burn,
This love of a glorious name,
As that, wheresoever in life I turn,
I but mark that eye of flame;
Strange, that it thus will rule each thought,
And shape all my feelings so,
As that, whether I seem to think or not,
That tide doth still onward flow!

Do I not well know 't is an idle dream,
Do I not well know 't is like rust,
Eating, no matter how it may seem,
Deeper the more I trust?

Do I not well know, says not this the past,
The boldest dream of the soul
Has left a power o'er my spirit cast,
That has curs'd me with its control?

And is 't not writ in the book of Life,
And is 't not by good men said,
To weary the heart with a fearful strife,
And then leave it like the dead?
Like it? — ah, no! — it unfits to go,
Alone, to that realm of dead,
Whither, no matter for joy or woe,
We go with a fearful tread.

And yet it burns, though we know is curs'd
The heart, gall'd by love of fame;
Curs'd by a power in itself the worst,
And its good too, doth curse the same;
And it will burn on in th' eternal mind,
Upward and onward going,
Like an eagle, whose proud wings, unconfin'd.
Dare the storm to its own undoing.

O, is it not, this deathless thirst,
Moulding, compelling, urging—
Like ocean, his rocky barriers burst,
Higher and higher surging—
A proof thus given to us here chain'd
To the earth a little season,
Of some other sphere, which shall yet be gain'd,
When is pass'd this of blinded reason?

AN ASPIRATION FOR FREEDOM.

(WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.)

O, ONCE again to tread the hills,
That wind away so freshly clad,
Where fountains flash, and fuming rills,
And torrents shout, and streams are glad;
And hear the mountain wind complain,
And breathe it on my wan lip prest,
And feel the gush of joy again,
Thrill through and through my wearied breast!

Heavens! how the mounting day-god shines,
With beamy locks about him twined;
And how the sunbeams fire the pines,
That rock and dally in the wind;

How down the vale the radiance flies,
Sheer to the azure lake there glancing—
Lighting with the ten thousand dyes
Of heaven waves and billows dancing!

The birds seem merrier in the shades,
Than they are wont on morns like this;
The cattle low along the glades,
As if they felt the proffer'd bliss;
O, to be chain'd by sickness now,
And forced to keep the sick man's room,
O, ye who never felt his woe,
Ye cannot know the sick man's gloom!

Ho! ye who never sigh'd or wept,
Ye full of life and hope and glee,
Whose pleasures ne'er abate, except
To flow again more gladsomely;
Ye blest with every good that is,
And blissful thoughts that banish care,
O, learn to prize your present bliss,
And bless ye, that your sky is fair!

Ye love the mountains, and ye climb
Until ye seem to leave the earth ;
Ye love the rivulets, and their chime
Beguiles ye with its pretty mirth ;
Ye nowhere look but blessings haste,
And woo your tardiness to take them ;
Your days are all in calmness pass'd,
Your nights are sweet as dreams can make them.

O, think of those — ye favor'd few —
Who pine on beds of woe and pain ;
Who love the scene as well as you,
Who love the mountains and the main ;
Think how they groan in deep dismay,
And curse the sun from day till 'night ;
How every effort to be gay,
But brings their misery more to light.

And it shall — while it wrings a tear
From eyes not wont to harbour them —
Make ye (believe it) happier,
If more your hearts can hold the same ;

A soften'd and a sweeter peace
Shall, instant, in your bosoms glow ;
That gentle hope and consciousness,
Of such as weep another's woe.

THE GLOW OF YOUTH.



O, WHERE has it gone, all that glow of the heart,
We enter'd on life with, and challenged it first,
When the heart dared despise all earth's trappings and art,
And felt itself rich in the virtues it nurs'd?

We all can remember the heart of the child,
How it leapt, and the earth smiled, and laugh'd too the sky;
And we never went forth but a happiness wild
Seemed poured through the breast from the ear and the eye.

How the voice of the wind rang that kissed each sweet tree!
How the sun blazed at morn, how he glow'd with the night!
How each fountain leapt forth from its cave shouting free!
How each living thing shouted its burst of delight!

And when boyhood was over, and youth hurried on,
And the earth had a truer yet still brighter sheen,
How the soul woke, and O, how it gazed on the sun,
That then flung its first light and life o'er the scene !

How the mind shot away in its wild dreams of fame !
How the heart leapt and flamed with its first thoughts of love !
How we thrilled with a happiness words may not name !
How the earth seem'd transform'd all to beauty above !

And how dared we then start away in the chase
Of bubbles that danced wild on life's rushing wave !
How little we cared for the rocks in the race,
How little we deem'd we but rush'd on the grave !

We sped on — we caught each wild sound — and we seem'd
More sure of our bliss as each sun hurried by ;
And the heart did indeed catch life's light as it stream'd,
And the loud ringing music of earth and of sky !

O, where is the glow *now*, that burn'd in us then ?
Where the life and the light both within and around ?
Where the glory that then lay on peak and on plain —
The flowers scattered too o'er the sunnier ground ?

Is the glow of life dead? — shall it ne'er wake again?

Is its joy all departed, and comes it not here?

Nay, we cannot thus deem man is left to complain,

But we must still believe there's a sunnier sphere.

When the clog that now chains us shall drop from the mind,

And the soul launches off on its far, glorious bourn,

Then life's glow shall come back, and life's thoughts like the wind,

And its track blaze again like the burst of the morn!

“ GONE BEFORE US.”

O, WHAT of those who travel on before us
To the bright spirit's land that lies afar ;
Wandering among the soft lights sailing o'er us,
Perhaps the guiding genius of some star ?

What of them as we lay them in the drear
And awful place the soul shrinks from with dread ;
And fling the cold clod in and fiery tear,
And leave them to the slumbers of the dead ?

O, do they fly off as we fain would dream,
And dwell at ease above the upper sphere ?
And doth a holier sun upon them stream,
Such as too oft is shrouded o'er us here ?

And do the joys we think of live for them?

And are they free from life's dread, awful sting?
And must they there no more life's currents stem,
And press on while the soul is withering?

Is there a world of beauty such as this

When all of light the earth has glows around, —
Beautiful ever the majestic skies,
Beautiful round them all the teeming ground?

Have they wild streams of beauty pouring on?

See they such groves and forests as have we,
When the Spring comes or when the Summer 's done,
And ringing with resistless harmony?

And do hearts link there as they oft will bind

Unto each other in this crowded earth, —
Union of soul and sentiment refined,
Of every thing that gives the spirit mirth?

Are *all* the dreams we often here have cherish'd,

Realized fully in the future scene;
And breaks the heart there never o'er hopes perish'd,
Till we have curs'd the blisses that have been?

Then will we leave them as they onward go,
One after one unto that farther land;
And we will still the 'soul, and meekly bow
To Him who chastens with a father's hand!

We will prepare us for the solemn change
That must wait all — to leave this clogging clay;
And try the spirit's world, and its far range,
And bask us in the splendors of its day!

KING PHILIP'S BATTLE-SONG.



WARRIORS, one and all arise,
Sternly grasp your battle-spears,
Buckle on your harnesses,
Buckle — for the foe appears ;
Let each red man string his bow,
Quickly see the arrow set,
Onward, warriors, on — ye know
Philip of Po-kon-o-ket.

Warriors, now the hour has come
When ye all for freedom cast,
Wives and 'children, friends and home,
All are staked, and 't is the last ;

Like a wave by whirlwinds driven,
Come they for a desperate fight;
Like a rock by lightnings riven,
Would they crush us in their might.

Warriors, this must never be,
'T is our soil, we 'll prove it so;
Were they thrice our enemy,
Like a thunder-cloud we 'd go;
Such they are — for kindness shown,
What but curses do we get?
Onward, warriors, on — ye 've known
Philip of Po-kon-o-ket.

Warriors, vainly were ye nurs'd,
If ye fail your leader now;
Vainly did your mothers first
Nurse ye in the battle's glow;
Vainly bid ye face the blast
Shrieking round the forest piles,
Vainly face the lightnings cast
Round our shores and rocky isles.

Warriors, seek our fathers' dwellings,
Mark the proofs of proud deeds done —
Trophies, that with war-blast swellings
Pealing round, were nobly won ;
Warriors, 't is their spirit bids ye
Battle, breast to bosom met ;
Onward, warriors, onward — leads ye
Philip of Po-kon o-ket.

Warriors, think of buried wrongs,
Buried? ay, in souls of flame ;
Warriors, think of chains and thongs
Coupled with the red man's name ;
Think of every curs'd return,
When they had our favor woo'd —
When we took them up forlorn,
Toss'd upon a wintry flood.

Warriors, lo, their phalanx comes,
Serried far with glitt'ring spears ;
Cannons roar, and stirring drums —
Let them rather banish fears ;

For your councils and your fires,
Battle — there is freedom yet ;
Onward, warriors, on — ne'er tires
Philip of Po-kon-o-ket.

Warriors, lo, their helmets glancing,
As they wheel against the morn !
Lo, their feathers proudly dancing,
And their looks of tyrant-scorn !
Warriors, shall these craven crowds
Scorn us as of coward worth ?
Lo, as lightning from the clouds,
Charge and sweep them from the earth !

Warriors, mark the bloody game,
And the thickest battle seek ;
As their crashing volleys flame,
Think your wives and children shriek !
Onward ! death or freedom cry,
Battle with a gory sweat ;
Onward, warriors, on — outvie
Philip of Po-kon-o-ket !

FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

“ A fairy vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds.” — MILTON.

“ I LOVE thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And that 's the why, ye see,
I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And cannot let thee be ;
I sing for thee, I sigh for thee,
And O, you may depend on 't,
I 'll weep for thee, I 'll die for thee,
And that will be the end on 't.

“ I love thy form so tall and straight,
To me it always seems

As if it were the counterfeit
Of some I 've seen in dreams ;
It makes me feel as if I had
An angel by my side,
And then I think I am so bad,
You will not be my bride.

"I love the golden locks that glow
About that brow of thine ;
I always thought them ' so and so,'
But now they are divine ;
They 're like an Alpine torrent's rush —
The finest under heaven ;
They 're like the bolted clouds, that flush
The sky of Summer's even.

"I love thy clear and hazel eye —
They say the blue is fairer,
And I confess that formerly,
I thought the blue the rarer ;
But when I saw thine eye so clear,
Though perfectly at rest,
I did kneel down, and I did swear,
The hazel was the best.

“I love thy hand so pale and soft,
The which, in days ‘lang syne,’
Ye, innocent as trusting, oft
Would softly clasp in mine ;
I thought it sure was chiseled out
Of marble by the geniuses,
Like those the poets rant about,
The virgins and the Venuses.

“I love the sounds that from thy lip
Gush holily and free,
As rills that from their caverns slip,
And prattle to the sea ;
The melody for aye doth steal
To hearts by sorrow riven,
And then I think, and then I *feel*,
That music comes from Heaven.

“Now listen, Fanny Willoughby,
To what I cannot keep,
My days ye rob of jollity,
My nights ye rob of sleep ;
And if ye don’t relent, why I
Believe you will me kill ;

For passion must have vent, and I
Will kill myself, I will."

'T was thus, when love had made me mad
For Fanny Willoughby,
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,
To Fanny Willoughby;
And Fanny look'd as maiden would,
When love her heart did burn,
And Fanny sigh'd as maiden should,
And murmur'd a return.

And so I woo'd Fan Willoughby —
A maiden like a dove,
And so I won Fan Willoughby —
The maiden of my love;
And though sad years have pass'd since that,
And she is in the sky,
I never, never can forget
Sweet Fanny Willoughby.

MOMENTS OF CHEERFULNESS.



FUNNY it is that fancy can so fling
A charm about the daily walks of life,
And soften down the ruggedness, and make
The whole a passage with no cloud of care ;
Can clothe the skies with more than heavenly freshness,
Clothe the sweet woods, the valleys too that smile,
The waters and the groves and every thing ;
Giving a wondrous melody to voices
That roll out from the coverts in deep tones,
Until the world all jocund seems with echoes
Such as we dream of at the gate of Heaven.

We commonly go jogging through the earth.
We sigh and whine at sorrow as it comes,

Magnify evils till molehills seem mountains,
Shut our eyes on the light, see naught but shadows,
Are dead to music, hearing but life's discords,
And with a horrible forgetfulness
Of the pure One who sitteth in the clouds
Dispensing to his creatures daily dole,
Say there is nothing in the world but death.

O, when thy heart is heavy from its ills,
And thine eye sees naught but a shadow spread
Over the earth and th' all-embracing heavens,
Pray to the Father of all loveliness
To purge thine eyesight, help thy sinking heart,
Keep thee from fretting at the ills we see ;
And give thee patience till in His good time,
The sorrow and temptation have pass'd by.

THE ISLAND.

FROM "THE FAËRY ISLAND," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

THAT Isle, so beautiful to view,
No poet's fancy ever drew ;
He had not dreamed of such a thing,
With all the beauty he could bring.
It lay upon the open sea,
 It lay beneath the stars and sun —
A thing, too beautiful to be,
 A jewel, cast that sea upon !
The winds came upward to the beach,
 The waves came rolling up the sand,
Then backward with a gentle reach,
 Now forward to the land,
Sparkling and beautiful, — tossing there,
Then vanishing into the air.

The winds came upward to the beach,
The waves came upward in a curl,
Then far along the shore's slope reach
There ran a line of pearl;
And shells were there of every hue,
From snowy white, to burning gold,
The jasper, and the Tyrian blue,
The sardonyx and emerald;
And o'er them, as the soft winds crept,
A melody from each was swept,
For melody within each slept,
Harmoniously blended;
And never, till the winds gave out,
And ceased the surf its tiny shout,
That melody was ended:
Morn, noon, and eve, was heard to be
The music of those shells and sea.
The winds went upward from the deep,
The winds went up across the sand,
And never did the sea-winds sweep
Over a lovelier land;
The northern seas, the southern shores,
The eastern, and the western isles,

Had rifled all their sweets and stores,
To deck this lovely place with smiles;
And mounts were here, and tipped with green,
And kindled by the glowing sun,
And vales were here, and stretch'd between,
Where waters frolick'd in their fun;
And goats were feeding in the light,
And birds were in the green-wood halls,
And echoing o'er each hilly height,
Was heard the dash of waterfalls.
O, all was beauty, bliss, and sound,
A Sabbath sweetness reigned around;
All was delight, for every thing
Was robed in loveliness and Spring;
Color and fragrance, fruit and flower,
Were here within this Island-Bower.

S H A D O W S.



I HAD a very funny dream,
One night, beneath the whispering tree;
There was a tree, there was a stream,
And, fair as moon could be,
The moon her solitary beam
Poured on that brook and tree.

I saw a young and bright-eyed boy,
And little maiden, playing;
She was the loveliest thing — a toy,
A bee, or bird, a-Maying;
A feeling nothing could destroy,
Kept those two children playing.

They rambled long, they rambled wide,
There, 'mid green fields and flowers;
That boy was ever 'at her side,
And so they passed the hours;
I heard him call the maiden bride,
There, 'mid green fields and flowers.

And she was pleased to be his bride,
And in his face she gazed —
Half bashfully, and half in pride,
As at herself amazed;
Yet still she clung unto his side,
And in his face she gazed.

And then I thought there was a wail —
The moon still lent its ray, —
But it was tremulous and pale,
And changeful seemed, and gray;
There was a church-yard in a vale —
The moon still lent its ray.

And there, beneath the cold, wan light,
Clasping the ivied stone,

An aged man, with weeds bedight,
 Stood motionless and lone ;—
They say, that old man's heart, once light,
 Lay buried 'neath that stone.

THE FOUNTAIN.



WHAT is there in a fountain clear,
What is there in a song,
That I should sit and ponder here,
And sit and ponder long?

The wave wells beautiful, 't'is true,
And sparkles in the sun;
But that 's what other fountains do,
And sparkle as they run.

The wave wells beautifully, and
Sings as it pours along;
But every fountain of the land,
Runs, murmuring a song.

Then what is it that keeps me here,
Beside this fountain's brink?
Why is it that, a worshiper,
I sit me here and think?

The robin whistles in the sky,
The squirrel 's in the tree;
Yet here I sit me moodily,
My gun upon my knee;

And, sporting round the openings
Of yonder forest green,
The golden light of glancing wings,
At intervals is seen;

And forms and things to catch the eye,
And sounds of grove and grôt;
They pass uninterruptedly —
They move, yet move me not.

My hound, besides, the fit has caught,
For, looking in my face,
He sees his master thinks of naught
So little as the chase.

Then what is it that keeps me here,

Beside this fountain's brink?

Why is it that, a worshiper,

I sit me here and think?

The wave runs round, the wave runs bright,

The wave runs dancing free,

As if it took a strange delight

A dancing wave to be.

And down the vale it goes, a brook,

Over a golden pave;

And from the brink the cresses look,

And dally with the wave.

And every hue of leaf and sky,

And forms and things are caught,

Which dance, and glance, and glitter by,

As rapid as a thought.

And now the sun drops down the west,

And Hesper shines afar;

When lo, upon the fountain's breast,

Sparkles a mimic star!

And soft the reflex, glimmering out,
Is cut a thousand ways,
As there the bubbles whirl about,
And revel in the blaze.

And far along the sky of Even,
The clouds, in golden dress,
Have painted here a little heaven,
With added loveliness —

With every light and shade so true
And exquisitely wrought,
As fancy never, never drew,
As fancy never taught.

And now the woods and sky are one,
And, up the orient driven,
The crescent moon hangs off upon
The canopy of heaven ;

And round her come a troop of stars,
And round her comes the night ;
And o'er her face the clouds, in bars,
Are braided by the light ;

And on her beams the Oreads sail,
And revel as they go;
And little warriors clad in mail,
And Gnomes — a fairy show !

And every other combination
With poetry agreeing,
That nonsense and imagination
E'er conjured into being.

Odd fancies ! yet they came to me,
A solitary child, —
A lover of the waters free,
A lover of the wild, —

And here, I were a traitor vile,
If, though I mix with men,
I could not lose the man awhile,
And play the boy again.

Then ask you, *why* I sit me here,
Beside this fountain's brink ?
And ask you *why*, a worshiper,
I sit me here and think ?

PEN AND INK.



I do not know, I do not know, but yet I cannot think,
That earth has pleasures sweeter than are found with pen and
ink, —

'This whiling off' an idle hour with torturing into rhyme
'The pretty thoughts, and pretty words, that do so softly chime.

I know it must be sad for such as cannot make the verse
Dash gayly off, and gallop on, delightfully and terse ;
But when the thought is beautiful, and words are not amiss,
O, tell me what on earth can bring a joy so pure as this !

They sadly err, and slander too, this lovely world of ours,
Who say we gather thorns enough, but never gather flowers ;
Why, look abroad on field and sky, there is a welcome there,
And who, amid such happiness, can weep or think of care ?

The natural world is full of forms both beautiful and bright,
The forest leaves are beautiful, there 's beauty in the light,
And all that meets us makes us feel that grieving is unkind,
And says, be happy in this world, and fling your cares behind.

The mental world is beauty too, and decked in beauty rare,
Whate'er we see, whate'er we dream, we find it imaged there,
A halo circles all that is, the sprightly and the tame,
And gives to "airy nothings" too, a dwelling and a name.

And beauty, such as only breathes upon a seraph's lyre,
Is in this world, and comes to us, and gives us souls of fire;
We love, and we forget the ills that to the earth belong,
And life becomes one holy dream of rapture and of song!

And he who scribbles verses knows (and you should credit him),
That this is but a picture here — a picture dull and dim —
Of that delight which thrills the heart of him who can "in time,"
Arrest the thought, and give it word, and twist it into rhyme.

And when I sigh and weep, (which things will happen now and
then,)

And I have naught to do but stop, and then begin again,
Why, then I lie me to my desk, and sit me down and think,
And few companions pleasure me, as these — my pen and ink.

A FATHER TO HIS CHILD.



I CANNOT say, I cannot say, my beautiful and wild,
I 've ever seen so fair a one, as thou, my pretty child,—
A form so full of elegance, a cheek where roses blow,
And a forehead where the glossy curls seem braided over snow,—
A lip whence sounds of music gush that might with ease unsphere
Some spirit from its airy halls, and witch that spirit here.

When first thy mother gave thee me, my beautiful and wild,
And others sought to gaze upon and bless the pretty child ;
And thy soft lip to mine was press'd and thy soft hand I felt,
And felt all of a father's heart within my bosom melt ;
I know I heaved a sigh, for there was sadness in my joy,
Thou wert so very beautiful, my smiling little boy.

Where'er thou go'st there seems to go a gladness and a life,
That all unfitted is for this dark world of sin and strife ;
Thou dost remind me of the flowers, that are when Spring comes
on,
Thou dost remind me of the light, when comes and goes the
sun ;
Of brooks and falling waters, when they with the pebbles
toy,
Of all that 's bright and beautiful, my smiling little boy.

I mingle with the busied world, and, when I find it vain,
I turn me to my happy hearth and little boy again ;
I love to hear him shout to me, I love his airy call,
I love to hear his little step go patting through the hall ;
I love to take him on my knee and fold him into rest,
As doth the parent bird the dove she shelters with her breast.

Thy kind complaints, thy boyish talk, thy merriment, my boy,
Crush all that 's base within my heart, and smooth the day's
annoy ;

Where'er I go, if ills assail, and Passion plays her part,
And dark Ambition spreads her gauds before my eye and heart ;
And I one moment list the voice that proffers me the crown —
I think me of thy looks, my boy, and bid the tempter down.

Yet there will sometimes come to me a thought of sadness given,
As the dark cloud streams athwart the flush that tints the sky of
even ;

When I look at thee and think of thee in all thine artlessness,
And think how flowery is the path which thy young foot doth
press ;

For I know that eye which sparkles now may suddenly be wet,
And the earth, that looks so lovely too, may be a desert yet.

And yet I will not think it — no, it will not, cannot be,
That fate shall ever fling its shroud of blackness over thee ;
Thou art too like thy mother, child — she would not harm this
breast,

And all thy days have been too like the holy and the bless'd ;
Thou canst not other be to me, than this, my cradle joy —
Thou wilt not grieve thy father's heart, my smiling little boy.

WINTER SCENE FROM A WINDOW.



I SAT me where the window threw
The distant landscape into view.
The snow was on each living thing,
The birds were mute, nor moved a wing,
And 'neath a garment clear and cold,
Each flower slept lock'd in frozen mould.
Here, long-drawn vales in silver white,
Glistening, were offered to the sight.
Where ran the hedge or old stone wall,
The icy sheet had covered all,
And all along the rails, and hung
Downward, the icicles were strung,
And, as the flashing sun rose bright,
They seemed like crystals in the light.

Where wound the maple colonnade,
The leafless boughs still cast a shade,
Curious, for on the crust of snow
They vipers seemed tossed to and fro.
Where ran the rill in early Spring,
Beneath those maples glittering,
Singing and dancing as the wave
Went bickering o'er its sandy pave,
And catching on it, shadows dim
Of violets along its brim,
Or lily fair or water-cress,
That stooped its cheek for a caress,
Now o'er that gentle stream was cast
The snow-ridge by the mountain blast,
Till all the valley level seemed —
Save here and there the ice-bridge gleamed.
But farther down that valley-glen,
The brook burst up to light again,
For there, pitched from its dizzy edge,
The wave shot down a rocky ledge,
And foamed and thunder'd through the brake,
Until its waters joined the lake.
And there no Fairy in her cell,
Had dream'd or fancied half so well,

Or half so beautiful a thing,
Or given it tint and coloring,
As that wild brook had fancied there,
And fashion'd in the frosty air.
That brook had flung on either side,
Its fairy frost-work far and wide,
Till upward 'mid the rocks appeared
A fane as by some artist reared,
With polished shaft and architrave,
And glittering porch and crystal nave,
And gleaming, as the light shone on,
It seem'd a palace of the sun.
Where spread the lake all sheeted wide,
Sheer to the ragged cliff's steep side,
Whose hoary summits glitter'd there
Like giants in the frosty air,
The light laugh came upon the wind,
And all that spake "the vacant mind."
There like a young and mettled horse,
The skilful skater plies his force;
Anon he shoots and wheels and turns,
As if the element he spurns;
As if, a glorious thing of air,
His own proud will sustain'd him there!

And now again he circles neat,
And wheels and wheels again more fleet,
Till far across the lake he swings,
While loud and shrill his iron rings.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

(A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.)

THE Indian Summer has come again,
With its mellow fruits and its ripen'd grain ;
The sun pours round on the hazy scene,
His rays half shorn of their golden sheen ;
And the birds in the thicks seem too sad to sing,
And sad is the sound of the wild wind's wing.

And hither and thither an ash-leaf sear,
Goes slowly off through the atmosphere ;
And there may be heard, when the breeze steals out,
The hum of the bee, and the torrent's shout ;
And the caw of the crow wakes the solitudes,
And the hill-fox barks in the faded woods.

And over the hill to his patch of grain,
The reaper goes with his empty wain;
His lash resounds, his wagon rings,
The steep reëchoes the catch he sings;
And the long-drawn valés seem to take the strain,
And send it up to the hill again.

And here, where late the dog-wood threw
Its berries forth of a crimson hue,
And deep in the dell, where the birch was seen
With its fragrant bark and tassels green,
The colors are gone, the leaves are gray,—
They fall, and are swept by the brook away.

The daisy low on the bank is lying,
The leaves of the brier are dead and dying;
The lea has never a blossom blue,
Where late the rose and violet grew;
And life is passing from glade and glen;—
The Indian Summer has come again.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PASTIME,"

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

 PRIMITIVE LIFE OF THE WORLD FAVORABLE TO PURITY
OF HEART.

LIFE, 'neath the beautiful and o'erarch'd sky,
 Claim'd the first sanction of the Deity,
 And precedence in praise. He form'd a bower,
 First in the open fields; around it flung
 The fairest, sweetest, undecaying flowers;
 And o'er it bent a foliage of young blossoms,
 That every wind swept, breathing their delights.
 Here fashion'd He the father of our race,
 And, in his bosom, a sweet, nestling dove,
 Its fondness its protection. Here man dwelt;—
 No higher offices his spirit knew,
 Than to be good and happy; taking here

From Nature its simplicity of thought,
His will was but the counterpart of Heaven's.
Here was his perfect state; no towering walls
Blush'd in the rosy atmosphere; no pave
Echoed beneath his tread; nor bent above him
A fretted canopy of man's device;—
Yet had he temples—ay, more glorious ones,
Than man can fashion with his proudest thoughts!
The rocks that rose around him were the fanes
That sent his eye heavenward; his gaudy roof
Was a soft azure, where all day bright clouds
Fleck'd its clear aspect, and at evening dwelt
Thousands of guardian stars; his marble pave
Was of the greenest velvet, where from tubes
Of every hue and shape, thousands of sweets
Rose to his senses. Here he school'd his heart;—
The winds that danced within his bower, and toss'd
The olive-boughs about; the rippling sounds,
That from the innermost groves soft met his ear—
The chime of rivulets; the angry sound
Of wild bees struggling in the flowers; the shrill
And sweetly modulated symphonies
Of Paradise birds; and then the loud, loud roar,
That from the bursting and far-sounding floods

Shook his whole dwelling ; — these had power to please,
And with celestial influences his soul,
Transfused, buoy upwards, whilst Heaven's visitants,
(Duly commission'd,) o'er his thankful state
Kept watch, and every secret wish forestall'd.

And when, lost Heaven's bright image, man no more
Might walk and talk with God, and guards angelic
Thrust him from Paradise, and flaming swords
Girt its bright walls, and far and o'er the earth
He went a wanderer, and his race became
As are the multitude of sands, or leaves
That flutter to the Autumn blast—who dwelt
Where he had his great Master's works in view,
And heard his voice as those works speak him, kept
A heart not unlike Eden's. He could not,
Gazing upon the proud hills as they rose,
But think of him who rais'd them. Every leaf
That fluttered by his path-side, and each flower
With all its delicate tracery of hues,
Told him a hand of wonders. If he heard
The wind low in the Summer wood, or bird
Singing in all the luxury of life,
He saw a hand benevolent that gave

Life, and with life life's joy. And every brook,
Leaping as if to speak away its joy,
Wrote on his heart the same. And when he turn'd
Into himself, where all was evil mix'd
Up with the good, and blinded was his mind
By stern transgression, still he saw writ there
The hand that made him, and that would take back
The pure and lowly heart. And at calm eve,
Or when the night was at its middle watch
And earth's great heart was resting, then would come
Dreams, and he saw wing'd angels, and they talk'd
Of Love yet to be manifest, and won
The heart to gentle confidence, and Faith
Then ruled his life. And every thing around,
Nurtur'd such Faith implanted, and Faith's self
Won by the good it brought with it — for joys
Such as earth knew not came unto the heart
Like heavenly messengers. It calm'd the soul
When troubles rose. It breathed upon the heart
Chafed by its passions. In the solemn hours
When darkness wrapp'd the soul it was a light,
And when the poor heart broke beneath its woes,
Faith bound it up again. It seem'd a spring
Pure and perennial, the spirit long

Amid the thirsty deserts of the world
Had sought, yet sought in vain. And Faith once lent,
It saw a new divinity in all
That God had made, until inanimate things
Spake a distincter lesson. The skies now,
Seem'd the fair face of Heavenly Love writ o'er
With shining characters. The earth in all
Her sights and sounds, impress'd his heart with truth
As ne'er before. If he had mark'd God's power
In the proud rocks and hills, or seen his skill
Within the delicate leaves, or shades that streak
The violet's cup, or mark'd his love in all
The life and joyousness that ring aloud
At morn and eve from thousand emulous throats
And bills of birds in concert — God now seem'd
In each distincter drawn, and his voice seem'd
Audible, as if had Eden come once more.

Hence have the nations of the earth who dwelt
Much in the open converse of God's works,
Been most like God. The early and first tribes,
As one bound in their patriarchal head,
Dwelling 'mid open fields, or with the rocks,
Or cliffs where wild goats sported, or on high

Where mountain-forests swell'd the whirlwind's roar,
Preserv'd amid the simple things they saw,
Simplicity of heart. They saw not here,
Amid God's works, earth's artificial laws,
That since have curs'd society; — the heart
Simple and pure and free and innocent,
Expanded, and its own benevolence
Did shape it to the laws by God ordain'd,
And those were Love. On every side of them
Simplicity was seen; on every thing
'T was writ with sunbeams. What was there on high,
As the eye sought the heavens? What around,
In the majestic forest in repose,
Or shouting to the strong wind? What in all
The stillness and the purity of noon,
Or solemn stillness when the stars were born
And the moon paled in heaven, — that it should rouse
The baser passions — envy of each other,
And emulation to be meanly great,
And pride that loves to look down on the world,
Or avarice to eat into the heart,
Or fierce ambition like a band of fire
Bound round the temples, or a serpent wreath'd
About the heart — What was there in such scenes,

To let these or the tiger-powers of man,
Forth on man's self and others? These are born,
The children of society, — of men
Coop'd in the hollow circuit of those scenes
Where men do congregate, and fashion laws
More terrible than those of blood, that bind
Man to a hollow life. These were not felt,
When man, a free-born lover of his God,
And thus of self, walk'd forth upon the earth,
Noble and simple — noble since thus simple —
And had few wants, save such as were supplied
By the kind hand of Heaven. 'T was God in Nature,
That kept him thus from folly, as he keeps
Whoever dwells amid the works of God,
And loves to wander there and muse his praise.

Why has the world forgot the virtuous part
Of earth's more simple life, when now it boasts
Much that it once had not, and has the means
Of usefulness and happiness increas'd,
And might still offer to the powers on high
Perhaps a purer offering than the heart
In the simplicity of pastoral days?
God meant not that, by ignorance enchain'd,

The world should live. He meant not man should know
No life more complicate than good men knew
In earlier times. He hath design'd to raise
Man in the scale of intellectual life,
Where he shows nobly, godlike, strong, and true
To the divinity that works within.
But why with knowledge and the arts of life,
Should come the vices like a just loos'd flood —
Fashion, to chain men up by foolish laws —
And Custom, scarcely less a fool — until
Little we see of man's first, great estate,
Save that he has been simple once and pure ?
Why as the Arts start forth, and Science comes
From all the corners of the world with stores,
And multiplies the innocent means of good,
And would thus raise man from his simple state,
And even make him greater than himself —
Surrenders he the simple dignity
In which he was created? Can he not
Grow wiser, but he must grow foolish too?
Must we for ever write it on the world,
That every step of progress carries it
Farther from its original? 'T is true!
The history of the world doth write it out

In lines of light, that, from his simple state
Taken and favor'd with the arts of life,
Man doth forget the simple life he loved,
Become distorted, monstrous, most corrupt,
Till by one big recoil he is flung back
From whence he came. Not simple though and pure
As he was taken, but with vices set,
Like roots, into the substance of his soul,
Making him brutal, deadly. Egypt once
Came from the simple to the Civil state —
Her ruins tell her story. Israel,
Favor'd as earth had never been of God,
Let her high privileges eat into her soul,
And dash her like an eagle into dust.
And read the written story of poor Grèce
In her proud temples tow'ring still on high —
See how she bore the luxuries of life !
Simple and pastoral her infant days,
The pastoral pipe was heard o'er all her vales,
Her flocks brows'd every mountain, and her sons,
In all the purity of simple life,
Fabled her fountains, rocks, hills, woods, and streams,
Till every spot within her ample shores
Had a poetic loveliness ! She rose,

Like a young goddess, beautiful and free,
Her name a beacon-light, her Arts the world's
Envy, her glory scarcely less than Heaven's;
But her own luxuries ate out her heart—
She is proud Greece no more. And northward send
The eye across the Adriatic flood—
The proud Republics of the northern gulf
Tell the same story. And where westward towers
The Seven-Hill'd City, mighty in her ruins—
See how man bears the change from simple life
To grandeur, wealth, and power! Her infancy
Was beautiful, and simple, and most pure,
Her fabulous history tells of happy days,
Her later page true glory, yet her sun
Sunk from the nations. It remains to prove
Whether the modern world shall live more pure,
Bless'd with the opportunities of good
Beyond what earth has known. A purer light
Broke on the nations, through the soul of man,
When God rais'd up that mighty mind whose thoughts
Woke Europe;—and intelligence diffused,
Has set man thinking for himself, and now
A single nation holds a dizzy height—
Experiment of God. Will she be wise?

Shall her proud privileges of truth and light
But dash her down the precipice where lie
The ancient nations? Would it may prove truth,
That earth at last hath reach'd her golden age,
And she shall wound and pierce her God no more!

AFRICA COMPASSIONATED.

ALAS! for Africa, ill-fated land,
Sweating and groaning 'neath a mountain curse,
And by ourselves imposed — alas! for thee.
Alas! for thee, insulted, injured race,
Thy skin thine only crime, for which thou mak'st
A horrid expiation, — sighs and tears,
Groans and deep-seated woe — alas! for thee.
I know not but I prate, but to my mind,
Some awful scourge, and from Jehovah's hand,
Shall rouse this nation from her lethargy,
And write her doom, — shall strip off her disguise,
The which she has so speciously assumed,
And hold her up in attitude so mean,
So vile, so damn'd, the world shall hiss at her;
And to be known her citizen, were but

To be afflicted with some leprous itch,
To be shut out from sympathy, and held
Accurs'd of all mankind. The ancient world
Was suffer'd to fill up her cup of guilt,
The surer to be damn'd. The man of God
Lifted his staff; and, instant at the word,
Nilus became a stagnant pool—the lakes
And rivers gender'd monsters most obscene —
And from the quarters of the heavens came
The winds, and, on their mighty wings outspread,
Locusts in armies came. The whole land stank —
Men rotted in the eye of the hot sun —
Wither'd was every herb — and Famine came
To do its ministry. And in the wild,
When murmur'd loud the unregenerate Jews
And made them idols, — plagues, diseases, snakes
And wing'd with lightning, God sent down to them,
And cut them off. The cities of the plain —
How were they crush'd! The heavens roll'd away,
And took their place a sky of liquid fire;
And driven by tempests, fell a fiery storm
Of blistering fury and terrific death —
Destroying all. Yet these were innocent,
Compared with us! They should have given their faith

To the great God—a being scarce revealed,
Save by the light within. And if he smote
Thus high and low the ancient cities—those
Unfavor'd with the gift of prophecy,—
What fate is ours, the Bible in our hands!
The will of the Incomprehensible,
And known as such! Upon his sovereign justice,
Such guilt as ours how dreadful its demands!

It cannot be, that God design'd one half
Of this huge world should lord it o'er the rest!
That one half should be furnish'd with a whip
To goad the other, till the gift of life—
Heaven's sweetest gift—be changed into a curse!
It cannot be, that difference of hue,
Or shape of limb, or difference organic
Of brain, if such a difference there be,
Gives me the title to command to task
Men human every feeling, and exact
Their sweat to feed and pamper my delights!
“O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!”—
So sang the poet as none else have sung,
Whose eye was pained with the same view of things

Which paineth me. His heart was sick with grief,
And his compassion kindled into flame,
It made the poet's harmony more sweet.
And for myself, methinks it were far better
To drag life out in some deep dungeon-cave,
Where the wave thunders and the loud winds war;
Or sleep beneath the canopy of heaven,
On some far jut of isolated land;
Than here — surrounded by the arts of life
And its dependencies — live where the law,
The first great law that 's written on the heart,
Is disregarded every flying hour.
O! I would sooner beg from door to door —
Yea, I would sooner starve on the highway
And go to Heaven a pauper, than borne hence
From beds of softness and luxurious ease,
The product of my slaves! Yet Justice lives,
And sin, though God permit it for wise ends,
He will not sanction it. Who plays with death,
Will find his pleasure is at such a risk
As Wisdom scorns to run. Who madly sports
Upon a precipice and thinks it safe?
Or who plays with the deadly basilisk,
And 'is not bitten? God hath so advised,

And set in train his secret agencies
In this *his* world — that, when his creatures fool,
And set their own against his righteous will,
They strike a spring, disguised from mortal sight,
Which worketh an infallible result,
And that is *vengeance*. Can this nation chain
Three million wretched beings, bone and blood —
And children of the soil — and feel they do
Exact such lengths at no important risk?
Sleeps she not o'er a subterraneous mine,
Which some slight circumstance beyond her ken
Shall spring, and shake her pillars to their fall?
We boast us free! and we extend that right
Free and unqualified, to every man!
None are exempt, save such as stock our jails!
Talk we of freedom? blush America!
Blush at the thought, and give it tongue no more!
Or, if thou dost — think of that abject race,
Chain'd to the earth as if a part of it,
And sold as common cattle in our midst!

I tremble for my country, and her laws,
And her prosperity, which to my heart
Is dearer than mine own, while her great guilt,
Now like an incubus that threatens to crush her,

Is still increasing. Slavery 's a disease —
A cancer, which ye cannot scarify,
Or medicine to its cure. The lance must needs
Go deep beneath the surface, and the whole
Must be cast from us, or 't is best to let
The poison work until the patient die.
This nation is afflicted with this pest —
This cancer; and though still its ravages
Molest a portion only, yet, insidious,
It winds itself through the whole life and frame,
And threats to grow upon the very heart.
One effort then is needed to effect
Complete emancipation, — One united
And vigorous effort by the nation made,
Will save us, — Else we linger to our death,
And perish like sick idiots, who knew
The way to safety and neglected it.

There is, and nourish'd in each human breast,
Although the heart be ignorant of the same,
An innate thirst for liberty — a spark
Which God implanted; and though moral night
And mental slavery hold terrific sway,
It can be fann'd into a flame. Ye masters!
Think ye that 'mid those crowds ye whip along,

As destitute of all the faculties,
Exalted feelings, and high grasping thoughts
Which make the man; those crowds ye auctioneer
As cattle, and e'en by the chair of State;
Ay! so contiguous to the sacred halls
Of legislation, that the learned Judge,
If he but list, may hear the hammer fall,
And hear the bargain'd wretch shriek as his heart
Is broken, and his misery complete;—
Think 'ye, that 'mid those crowds, some circumstance
Shall never fire the spark of liberty,
And to your downfall! O! that time *will* come,
And Justice take the whip in her own hands,
When there will be a horrid expiation.
I thank my God that he has cast my lot,
Where lash of slavery is never heard,
To pain the ear and quiver through the heart!
That the warm blush of honorable shame—
Shame for our country, mantles on our cheeks
E'en at the name! That pity here distils
The tears, as pure as those which angels weep
At human sin—which fall upon the wounds
Of the poor slave, at mention of his wrongs!

THE POET AND THE SPIRIT OF JOY.



WHERE art thou from ?

“Over the lake,
Over the green trees,
Over the brake ;
Over the meadows,
Over the plain,
Over the mountains,
Over the main.

“From a sweet maiden’s breast
I too have come,
Out from a boy’s heart
Laughing at gloom ;

Out from a wild bird's song,
 Out from the br  eze,
Out from the soft white clouds
 Floating at ease.

“ Out from a lover's heart,
 Hope beating there,
Off from a warrior's plume
 Tipt like a star ;
Out from a Christian's eye
 In death low lying,
Like earth's first champion,
 Death stern defying.

“ From the Spring's breath too
 Coming away,
From the full Summer
 In its array ;
From the gay Autumn winds
 Tossing leaves scar and dry,
And from old Winter too,
 Scowling on high.

“In each and all things
Something I see,
Giving my spirit wings,
And my heart glee;
From these, one and all,
Have I come here,
Meet then my festival—
Dry up the tear.”

So spake the spirit,
Linger'd awhile,
Then pass'd away—yet
Did my heart smile;
Look'd I on earth again,
Look'd on the sky,
And the whole wide scene round
Laugh'd to my eye!

"HOPE ON."



DREAMS there are that sometimes
Come to us in sorrow,
Giving us the sunshine
Of a sweet to-morrow;
Telling us to press on,
Fearless to the last,
Doubting never, never,
Sorrows will be past.

Sorrow thus becometh
Oft a fount whence gushes
Wisdom like the light
Which from heaven rushes;

Mighty lessons learn we
Of the mighty Plan,
Creating and controlling,
In its mercy, man.

Thou who sitt'st in sadness,
Seeing nothing bright,
Deeming life all madness,
And its day all night,
O, if thou "in patience
Dost possess thy soul,"
Trembling, yet still trusting
Th' Infinite control —

Thou, amidst thy sorrows,
Shalt a light behold,
Purer than the dawn's flush,
Sweeter than its fold;
Thou shalt hear a music,
As was never heard,
Save when Love, most Mighty,
In the heart is stirr'd!

“THE LEAVES ON THE BOUGH STIRR'D.”

THE leaves on the bough stirr'd,
Are fading and falling,
And the wind and the wood-bird
Are mournfully calling;
And music around us,
Of landscape and river,
And feelings that bound us,
Are passing for ever.

The mists of the mountain,
With morning upspringing,
The chime of the fountain,
Its melody ringing;

The foam where the river burst
Up to the day,
And all by the sweet stream nurs'd,
Passing away.

So hearts we have cherish'd,
When life was before us,
Are grown cold or perish'd,
As years have roll'd o'er us;
And we look in the faces,
Once glowing with gladness,
And we find in their places,
But sorrow and sadness.

O, life! it is tearful,
We 're all of us sighing;
The moment we 're cheerful,
That moment we 're dying;
And all we have tasted,
And all we have spoken,
Are hopes — that are wasted,
And hearts — that are broken.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT NEW HAVEN.



How peaceful smiled that Sabbath sun,
How holy was that day begun,
When here, amid the dark woods dim,
Went up the Pilgrim's first low hymn!

Hush'd was the stormy forest's roar,
The forest eagle scream'd no more,
And far along the blue wave's side,
The billow murmur'd where it died.

The young bird cradled by its nest,
Its matin symphony repress'd,
And nothing broke the stillness there,
Save the low hymn or humbler prayer.

The red man, as the blue wave broke
Before his dipping paddle's stroke,
Paus'd and hung list'ning on his oar,
As the hymn came from off the shore.

Look now upon the same still scene,
The wave is blue, the turf is green,
But where are now the wood and wild,
The Pilgrim and the forest child?

The wood and wild have pass'd away,
Pilgrim and forest child are clay,
And here upon their graves we stand,
The children of that Christian band.

O, while upon this spot we stand,
The children of that Christian band,
Be ours the thoughts we owe this day,
To our great fathers pass'd away.

By prayer and contemplation led,
Be ours by their brave spirits fed;
Be ours their efforts and their aim,
Their truth, their glory, and their name!

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION, NEW HAVEN, MARCH, 1838.

Lo, we are gath'ring here,
Now in the young green year,
Those days to sing,
Which did the ocean o'er,
Here to New England's shore,
Those noble souls of yore,
Our fathers, bring !

Here, where now temples rise,
Knelt they, beneath these skies,
The woods among ;
And to the murmuring sea,
And to the forest free,
The home of liberty,
Echoed their song.

Make theirs, O God, our fame !

Worthy to bear their name,

O, may we be !

So as each gladsome Spring

Comes with its blossoming,

Loud shall our anthems ring,

For them and Thee !

Lives not then in our veins,

Speak not our battle-plain,

A blood like theirs ?

Ay, and from this same sod,

To the same Father-God,

Fearing no tyrant's rod,

Ascend our prayers.

Theirs was the godlike part,

Theirs were the hand and heart,

Trust-tried, though few ;

Grant that our souls be led,

Thinking of our great dead,

And by their spirits fed,

To deeds as true !

So doth the eaglet, nurs'd
High where the thunders burst,
Gaze with fixed eye,
Till gain'd its parent's form,
With the same instinct warm,
It breasts the same dark storm,
And cleaves the sky.

A SABBATH MORNING.



A SABBATH morning! calm and bright
The sun goes up the eastern sky,
And flings abroad a fairy light,
On every thing that meets the eye;
The mountains look more grand to-day,
The valleys have a sweeter green,
The waters have a wilder play,
The birds are singing to the scene.

And then the sort of solemn hush
That seems to lie on every thing,
In which a thousand feelings gush
Anew as waters from their spring;

It may be fancy, yet we deem
There is a holiness in this,
And we can yield us to the dream,
And think we find a purer bliss.

We go abroad, and seem to find
A sort of wonder in all things ;
We have more energy of mind,
The spirit seems to mount on wings ;
O, let it like some eastern bird,
Mount up and soar into the sky,
Where angel harps and hands are stirr'd,
And angel music wanders by.

And we shall gain some newer power,
To press along the path of life —
More peaceful in the peaceful hour,
More earnest in the fiery strife ;
Till the great work of Faith is done,
Life's action, its endurance too ;
And the clouds melt into the sun,
And Heaven in glory comes to view !

THE MARTYR MAID.



THAT innocent voice had weaker grown,
That voice of love and song,
Which so oft, at twilight's soothing hour,
On the soft winds played along;
And the placid light of the deep blue eye,
And the placid hue of the cheek,
Ah, these proclaim'd to our aching hearts,
A sorrow we might not speak!

They had laid her form on the couch of snow,
All beautiful in death,
And the flowers they had wreathed in her auburn locks,
Gave a perfume like her breath;

And the vesper star came softly forth,
And threw its silvery ray,
Like a seraph's robe, in the spirit's land,
O'er that cold and pulseless clay.

And they laid her in the cold, cold earth,
Beneath the forest's shade,
Like a floweret wither'd upon its stalk,
In a lone and fragrant glade ;
And there was weeping then of stranger eyes,
Of youth and maidens gay,
For we all of us grieved that so sweet a maid
Should so soon have pass'd away.

And I wept, as I gazed on that innocent one,
A martyr to her heart,
And my fancy painted the ruthless hand,
That had hurled the cruel dart ;
I thought how very, very drear
This world hath all become,
When the beautiful ones sent down from Heaven,
Here may never find a home.

EXTRACTS FROM "CHILDHOOD,"

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.



INTRODUCTION.

FROM various wanderings and experience vain,
I come to view my childhood's home again;
Childhood, that like the Summer light's last play,
More lovely is the more it fades away;
And to which turns the heart with feeling true,
And finds some present pleasure in the view.
Oft has the poet framed on this his verse,
And oft he will its little joys rehearse;
The sweetest songs we ever hear, are those
That sing its little joys and little woes;
Varied the verse, of varied excellence,
Musical some, and sometimes rough with sense,

Yet each and all, or with or without art,
Comes with a charm and melts into the heart;
It only needs the poet be sincere,
And smooth or not, 't is music in the ear.

Why is it that, the world around, there is
This simple source of innocence and bliss, —
Remembrance sweet of those dear days we spent
On the bless'd earth, in meekness and content,
And never dream'd of aught save pleasure's store,
And every day so rich we ask'd no more?
You go afar to any clime or sea,
Ask of the high or of the low degree,
Turn to the peasant with his clay-built shed,
Ask of the beggar weeping for his bread;
Or go to him from whom has fled the pride,
By which alone life's last ills are defied —
The worthless, swearing wretch, with staggering feet,
His home the gutter or the public street;
Yes, and where guilt and crime have sunk in shame
All there is found in man, except the name, —
And he shall tell you of this simple joy,
Safe from the world which nothing can destroy;

Safe from the power of sin, and all that comes
Loading his life with wretchedness and glooms,
Flashing sometimes its light across his path,
Staying an instant, certain, hurrying wrath.
Why is it that the poor lost wretch from far,
Borne to this country from his natal star,
The child of Ireland, crush'd into the dust,
Willing to be a wretch, because he must,—
Or the poor peasant from his highland shed,
Where the low streams by Alpine snows are fed,
Child of those heights for ever pure and free,
Stern as the rocks that guard his liberty,
Yet now the cast-off heart of Switzerland,
Fresh from the deck and wandering on our strand,—
Why as he looks and sets his steps away,
Where wild Missouri's springs first see the day,
And blushes there his home amid the wood,
Fresh as an Eden in the solitude,
And climb anew young prattlers round his knees,
And new delights and new associates please—
Starts he so oft, and, with his brawny hand,
Dashes the tears, at thoughts of father-land?
Or why doth he, our own serf—shame that such
Should curse a land that dares to boast so much—

Sing of its freedom, shout it till it roar
Like to a thunder-peal on every shore, —
The poor, crush'd, Southern slave — why will he turn,
And look in vain o'er the white waves and mourn?
Landed upon a shore that looks afar,
As if beam'd on it Heaven's most genial star;
So vast, so beautiful, so fill'd with all
That gives the heart perpetual festival;
Here orange-groves stand ripening in the sun,
And there the fig and lime successive run;
Here the tall canes reflecting heaven's sweet sheen,
And "dropping gums" on every side are seen;
There the low rice-fields white as tossing snow,
Or flaunting cotton with e'en whiter blow, —
Why will he sigh for his lost groves again,
Afric's dull shore, and low and barren plain?
And why, whipp'd to his daily toil, until
Nothing is left his cup of grief to fill, —
Trampled on and imbruted more and more,
Curs'd with the dawn and when the day is o'er, —
Goes he so oft alone, and, stretch'd on earth,
Talks to the stars and mutters of his birth?
In all this longing of each class and zone,
For the first light of life for ever gone;

For this strange power within, to keep, always,
One little spot where all is, must be, day —
'Though home be lost, and tyrants threat, and thongs
Cut to the bone, and felt are life's worst wrongs ;
See we th' Eternal goodness that design'd,
And made man what he is in heart and mind ;
Feel we, do man his worst until we die,
A God there is of mercy in the sky !

But turn we to the object of our verse,
And childhood's little joys and woes rehearse ;
Come, faithful Memory, with pensive eye,
And all its lost remembrancers descry,
And give them as they were to Fancy's eye,
And let us paint them as the train moves by !
But will a verse so simple, in these days
A reader find, or, more, a critic's praise ?
When other schools and names of verse have come,
And crowded out the good old songs of home ?
And when such masters on this same, sweet theme,
Have seized their harps of fire and dared to dream ?
And e'en when masters of the reigning schools
Are on the stage, and make, and prove their rules ?

Ay, we shall hope, — and why? because the theme
Is in itself a sweet poetic dream;
One not confined to a mere man or class,
Nay, nor a single nation in the mass;
But to the world at large who have a heart,
And on this theme can feel the minstrel's art.
Yes, and where art is not, but only fire
Such as did earth's first minstrelsy inspire;
Where was the simple feeling o'er the lay,
Thus calling nature only into play;
Here have we hope the general heart will give
The minstrel that for which alone we live —
Praise for the pleasure felt along the veins,
Seen in the eye as pour aloud his strains,
Seen on the lip, that quivers with sweet joy,
As the man dies, and lives again the boy.
And this sweet feeling may we dare to claim —
A heart that 's in the theme we bring for fame?
Yes, for the dearest objects that we view,
Lie far away clothed with the past's sweet hue; —
The valley where the young eye open'd first,
The home in which the pensive thought was nurs'd;
The proud old hills that rose around it high,
Blushing first to the east, last to the sky;

The small bright rivulet that comes away,
Out from the north upon the mead to play —
Joins with the larger stream and mingles white,
Rolls through the vale afar its course of light ;
The forest towering on the hills, the groves,
The glens, the rocks, and all the poet loves ;
And last, not least, the gentle lake that fills ;
Hid like a wren's nest in the depth of hills ; —
These are the objects that the poet loved
With the first dawning thought, when thought was moved ;
These are the objects, borne-by him along
The track of life up to this hour of song ;
And though plain be the theme, and rough the line,
Feeling and love for these shall in it join.
Come then, sweet Fancy, ope thy joyous eye,
And see in light what Memory doth supply ;
And let us roam about these scenes, and string
Into rough, truthful verse, the thoughts that spring.

THE FRUIT-YARD.

SHALL we not first, a little stream that flows
Back of the house and through the fruit-yard goes,

Sing, or attempt to, bidding that sweet stream
Impart its music to the present theme?
That little stream how many mills has turned,
Shaped by the boy, in such craft wisely learned!
How many little mud-dams there, o'er which
The gather'd waters fled with merry pitch,
Tuning thus early Fancy's later call,
To woo the cataract and waterfall!
And what a joyous, flaunting sisterhood
Of little flowers that on its borders stood;
First to come out when came the breath of May,
And last of all the flowers to pass away!
And what bouquets and garlands winded there,
To deck some little brow we then thought fair,
And of which the presumptuous boy did dare
Dream, as do older boys or misses fair!
And did not that sweet streamlet tossing there,
Whirling in eddies, making bubbles fair,
First strike the chord that since has rung, and will
Ring in my heart, until that heart is still?
Ay, and I never hear of music now,
But will come back that same stream's pleasant flow.
— Rivulet bright! I stood beside thee late;
Where was the change? methought there was such, great;

Thou didst flow on as thou wert wont to go,
Yet thine to me was not as thy first flow;
At least, some tears were by and o'er thee shed,
And never boy's bright eye-drop stain'd thy bed!



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

NEXT turn we where a small brown hut appears,
And needing paint to hide its seams and years;
Some of its clapboards whistling in the wind,
The fence broke down that us'd to run behind;
A shatter'd glass or two may there be seen,
And chimney notch'd, where needed brick has been.
That is the school-house—pleasant, loved old place,
With all its tedious hours and sour disgrace;—
Much can it boast that 's pleasant now to see,
The rough parts hid or lost to memory;
Much does the fancy conjure up that now
Pleases the heart and smooths the ruffled brow,
And which the man, grown gray, looks long upon,
And almost wishes life were but begun.
He sees the pleasant mornings when we went
Slow to the school, by faithful parent sent;

He sees the little crowd slow gather there,
Of different age and sex, and smutch'd or fair,
And all at that one door just enter in,
With looks so sad it seems a place of sin.
And yet some brighter moments too are seen,
And brighter looks that by that door have been;
For not all, as I think, did deem the place
One of mere toil, or, what is worse, disgrace;—
Some little lad, we think, among the rest,
Comes to the door, of joyous thought possess'd,
As if he deem'd he were not all a slave,
Who loved a book or e'en the teacher grave;
And in whose face is plainly seen the mind,
Perhaps in after years to serve his kind.
But enter now, and what are objects there?
The teacher's desk, the rusty stove, and chair;
The desk around the walls, the seats unback'd,
Bedaub'd with ink, with jack-knife freely hack'd;
The inner tier of lower benches too,
Where sat the smaller children in review,
Perk'd up the long day through, save when, alway,
Each once must rise, and shriek out b, a, ba!
And doth not Memory furnish us with some
Teacher, among the crowds of them that come,

Whom we remember with some kinder thought,
Than is too oft by name of teacher brought ?
Ah, each remembers one among that crowd,
That us'd to praise him most, that made him proud ;
And oft would, if the grace was not too plain,
Pass by his fault, and " trust him once again."
(This thing because there was perhaps at home,
An older sister where he loved to come.)
But there are other things the picture knew,
We must recall, would all declare it true ; —
The long, long hours of vacancy and pain,
The thought so tired, that never dared complain ;
The back that ached, in painful posture kept,
The feet benumb'd from cold, or blood that slept ;
The eye that would look out on grove and field,
And faint to taste the luxury they yield ; —
And then the thought that we were forced to stay,
Shut like caged birds, when real birds could play —
O, with what crowds of hated thoughts doth come
The school-house, and that well-known, one, square room !
Yet there were hours of fun too, after all ;
Where was the boy, the cricket, and the ball ?
Where all the tricks the gamesome school-boy knows,
Play'd on himself, or, by him, on his foes ?

Where the dear play-spells, when, with whoop and shout,
Out from the door we rush'd, a noisy rout ;
Made the snow-fort, or tumbled in the snow,
Play'd tag, and wound it up, or let it go ?
Where too the pride that thrill'd us when we chanc'd
To head the class or otherwise advanc'd,
And master came and stroked us on the head,
Call'd us good boy, or other folly said ?
Where too the hours of, shall we say, Love's smart,
Shared by some sunny eye or sunnier heart ;
(Where are they now ? alas, the grave has fed
Its foulest worm on many a heart and head !)
And then the little rivalships we knew,
If but some bigger boy in favor grew ?
— Folly, all this ! some sage and Burleigh head,
Shaking, exclaims, along our subject led ;
What has the *man* to do with all these things,
Vainer than vanity without its wings ?
Will they instruct him how to fill the place
A man should fill, and better run his race ;
Teach him to make a penny, fix a law,
Dose a poor patient, fill a hungry maw ?
Perhaps they will, and far before your rules,
Learn'd in the wiser (so call'd) manly schools ;

For they may, while they let alone the head,
Teach us to better pray, "give us our daily bread."
How? By once more recalling the sweet days,
When, though depraved, man's ways are *not* man's ways;—
When feeling is all fresh; and heart alive
To the good impulses all objects give;
And which obey'd, and this we ought to see,
May keep the heart to youthful piety.

Why doth the heart turn off to scenes like these;
When life and duty offer more to please?
Why turns the merchant wearied from his desk,
The man of fortune from his trade or risk;
The slave of faction, or the man in trust,
Pride in its seat, and Poverty in dust;
The masted sailor to his task compell'd,
The letter'd traveler in land of Eld;
The maiden bless'd, the wife in her sweet state,
Faith at the altar, Hope e'en at Heaven's gate, —
And though each has its object, and the heart
Is in the life and dreams not to depart,
Look they back o'er the waste of years, well pleas'd
With what has Memory of past objects seized,

And given to Fancy — in her secret power
Shaping sweet pictures for the lonely hour?
The man of grief, whom Heaven in vengeance, or
Mercy conceal'd, has given to life's worst war, —
Stripp'd him perhaps of joys, so long his own
That in their loss life's self seems nearly gone, —
He, when all else is dark, may hurry back,
And drink the light and bliss of boyhood's track.
The bow'd in years too, when have objects fled,
As life its sure, but natural, course has led, —
When of the crowds that with him started forth,
Each for the prize man never wins on earth,
But here and there a lonely one like him,
Gropes down the dark with trembling heart and limb, —
How, like the Summer lightning to the sky,
Recur to him, and flit before his eye,
The early places, and the thoughts, and all
That made them light, or sweet, or musical !
The veteran helmsman, as his vessel sleeps,
Hush'd as its shadow on the trembling deeps,
When Thought may on a pleasant mission go,
Back from his wither'd years and care-lined brow, —
How will he dream and dream, then start, as 't were
A real dream, so strangely pictur'd there !

And e'en the wretch, we might deem, shut away
From the free air or charm of open day ;
To delve in mines, or, chain'd, to dig the earth,
Paying in such coin for his want of worth ;
Sudden shall see the glorious vision pass,
Cheating from what he is to what he was.
And so the poet with a heart on fire,
His fingers trembling o'er the quiv'ring lyre,
Turns back delighted to the days of youth,
And feels his soul burn with their holy truth.
There is no clime, there is no class, no hue,
No sex, no period, fancy brings to view ;
Go to the north amid its snows, or go
Where the fierce torrid heats perpetual blow ;
Go with the inland savage where he be,
Go where the farthest islands dot the sea ;
And if a heart beat, or a fancy play,
Each has the fairy world of life's young day.
Now why is this — that man, not of one race,
But the great fact earth's millions will embrace,
Turns to one point, and in its bliss is lost,
Ay, if you please, when manhood offers most ?
Is 't wisely said, "for happiness they turn,
Hope in her grave, and Fancy by her urn" ?

But they will turn when greater good is given,
By favoring Fortune in the plans of Heaven !
What then *His* aim, who in all human things,
Moves with large love, which touches all the springs ?
O, 't is to keep that fount within the breast,
When the cold winds its waters have repress'd,
Still pouring forth, from its deep cell secure,
Life's golden charities, for ever pure !

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS.

NEXT turn we where another hut appears,
Much like the last, well seam'd with scars and years ;
What is there round that hut and chimney gray,
That bids the memory wake, the fancy play ?
This for the general heart may little boast,
To waken feeling by loved objects lost ;
Though for the poet, scarce an object seen
In all the past, so dear, so loved has been ;
For one, whose heart, with all a young heart's force,
Was knit to his, there started in his course,
And round that spot a thousand feelings rise,
Gentle or sad, of boyish memories.

The thousand morns which we together spent,
The thousand ways which we together went —
No adverse feeling ever rising up,
To dash the bliss or even shake the cup ;
The play-spells on the little grass-plot there,
South of the house in Summer mornings fair ;
The rambles in the orchard on the north,
When the soft skies of May bid blossoms forth,
And stream'd the rich, red sun down through the boughs,
Or stirr'd the breeze, and shook down showers of blows ;
The hours pass'd there when Autumn too in pride,
Hung his ripe fruits up on the garden side,
Watching that one late robin on her nest,
Last of the flock, the orchard's only guest ;
The little gardens too, our hands would grace,
Where wit or fancy had assign'd a place ;
The melon bed, the peaches in a row,
The tassell'd corn, the fragrant pea in blow ;
And then how oft, when from the wintry skies
Whistled the winds and bade the snows arise, —
Or when all night in silence dropping slow,
Morn gave the world to us a sheet of snow, —
Daring the winds, or flying snows, we play'd,
Or down the smooth slope bounded on the sled.

O, how these scenes — on memory's tablet writ —
Now live and glow, or o'er its surface flit!
How the full heart, that feels the gathering power,
Swells e'en to pain beneath the charmed hour;
And while its pride to hide the feeling tries,
Becomes a silly tell-tale at the eyes!

Is it not true, our early friendships boast
A power and sweetness later ones have lost;
Or is 't a dream that poets harp upon,
The falsehood plainer when their work is done?
Why then flies back so readily the heart,
To the sweet ties of which it was a part;
Loves, like a miser, counting o'er his gold,
To think of them and hear their numbers told,
Till we do almost spurn what manhood gives,
And think the boy's alone the faith that lives?
O, there 's a bliss in fact in life's first ties,
The sterner heart may sigh for till it dies, —
Something that colors life with a strange hue
Never given forth, save to the boyish view, —
Something that shuts life's cares and curse away,
And lets the young heart *think*, at least, all 's day!

What young heart falters when its faith is given?
Thinks he *lies* not, denying there 's a Heaven —
Yes, on the earth — in the sweet, freshest feeling
Rushing forth, clinging round each object, stealing
Through every scene, into each channel, where
Bliss, or its thought, or hope is — or all are?
We give in these years, and we do not care
That wisdom should be in the what we are —
Or what we do — the full soul readily,
And think all 's gold that flashes on the eye.
Years prove 't is not; still where 's the good, though shown
To the young eye, such bliss is as the sun, —
Ay, his last ray just playing on the sea,
An instant there, then gone as suddenly?
Give us the bliss then of this early tie!
Give us for ever its sweet memory!
Give us the verse that calls it to the thought,
We 'll deem its bliss ours, even if 't is not!
And for a while we 'll get the rough brow smooth'd,
Yes, and the earth-worn, troubled spirit sooth'd;
We 'll fright the gray hairs gathering on the brow,
With something of the boy's blood swept below;
And make the lazy heart beat once again,
To the wild dance of youth — nor beat in vain!

'T is sometimes said, "maturer hearts must know
Higher and higher bliss — thus while they go."
But it 's *not* true, maturer hearts *must* give
Higher and higher bliss — thus while they live.
Mind may accumulate mind's energy,
Thought may more wisely launch into the sky;
Knowledge be piled upon the tortured brain,
Till it shall curse the load, yet curse in vain;
Wisdom may come, and so inform the soul,
And give a mighty mastery to the whole;
And strength may be to sway vast kindred minds,
And toss them as the waves are toss'd by winds; —
Yet it 's *not* true — the delicate, kindling heart
Catches, as on we go, in every part,
From earth, and sky, and cloud, and mind, and soul,
Blisses more exquisite as seasons roll!
The lively heart, just starting into life,
Has ne'er been chafed amid the fiery strife;
Its power to feel then is an exquisite
And delicate harp, that almost feels the light, —
Vibrates to finest pulses beating ever
Through the great heart of Nature — from the Giver!
This clothes the mountain with its glorious light,
This the broad landscape like an Eden bright;

This to the wave a light gives, never there,
Gives an unearthly music to the air ;
To every thing that beauty has or voice,
A strange wild gift to make the heart rejoice !
This the heart loses as we journey on,
As the dawn loses beauty in the sun ;
And, till the heart pause at life's farthest goal,
This power is chafed off from the feeling soul.

A WALK IN THE FOREST.

TURN from the lake, climb up these hills, survey
The forest depths, plunge in, and force a way ;
With head and breast prone bent, the birch displace,
Or pliant alder whisking in your face ;
Leap now a brooklet chattering here unseen
Down to the lake-shore, where it plunges in ;
Till, where all undergrowths seem swept away,
We stand within the forest, tall and gray.
He is no bard who feels no living hymn
Starting fresh to his lips 'mid forests dim, —
Bold, crossing shafts that shoot in middle air,
With all their wealth of leaves upheaving there,

Rocking to one reverberate song of thunder,
Or playing low as breathe low breezes under ;
And all sustain'd by giant trunks that hold
With grasp eternal in the rocky mould !
He has no heart, who cannot *with* the bard,
Walk these dim depths, and feel he has reward, —
With solemn thoughts, by mighty themes impress'd,
With solemn feelings laboring in his breast ;
And lifted to a loftier height of soul,
Feel his great heart is kindred to the whole !
There is indeed, earth's solemn shades among,
Other than dreams, and holier than a song ;
The rhyming ape may sing its semblance sweet,
The genuine heart alone has felt its beat, —
A quick'ning power from all things coming here,
Pressing at eye and lip and sense and ear ;
And bearing the low soul from earth away,
To what is pure and brighter than the day.
The solemn shade a kindred thought reveals,
The massive rock, the stream that 'neath it steals ;
The solitude and vastness which impress
Almost with sense of deepest weariness,
The small moss clinging to the damp, low stone,
The simple flower that blossoms there alone,

The chirp of birds, the squirrel at his play,
The upland bee from its fresh fields away, —
All by a power the gentle heart has known,
Come with impressions that are all their own.
It may be — He who built this cope of sky,
And spread the world with robe of kindred dye,
Built the shores here and beat them into rock,
To brave the ocean's and the thunder's shock,
Here sent the hills up till they met the sun,
And round their bases bade the forests run,
Or, more adventurous, part way up their sides,
To where the barrenest lichen scarce abides;
And here to show himself a God indeed,
Starts a small flower, or there an herb at need, —
It may be, 't is in all we hear and see,
A God himself, and present wonderfully;
Himself that sucks the virtues from the ground,
Runs up the flower, or mighty oak profound;
Runs here in waves along the waving plain,
There loads the meadow, or the harvest grain;
Lives in the bird, sings in the wind, the bee
In motion is the hidden Deity; —
It may be, God, thus present here, becomes
The awful power of Nature's lights or glooms;

Gives in these depths th' oppressive power we feel,
From the dim vastness o'er and round us steal ;
Though these forms thus, his agents, showing forth,
As in his Word, the Love pervading earth !

But these dim arches, as we walk beneath,
Another influence, a more earthly, breathe ;
For Memory comes, with all her earnest power,
To shape sweet pictures for the present hour ;
And over and above the sense of grace,
Sent to the eye from all that crowds the place,
The soul comes under what has been before,
And lives again the hours of boyhood o'er.
Yes, there is beauty as we walk along
The stretching ridges, rocks and trees among ;
Plunge down the ravines where the waters go,
Or climb a height that towering looks below ;
Pass now through thickets where the alders weep
With damps perpetual which the deep shades keep ;
Or here again, as, burst forth to the day,
Where has the whirlwind been, we take our way ;
Or here, slow passing down a narrow glen,
Arch'd with thick pines through which the winds complain,

We pass beneath vast trunks and trees more tall,
And gain another mighty forest hall!
Boyhood at its first stage ne'er enter'd here,
Yet is the spot to later years most dear.
When had life's merely sensuous hours gone by,
And higher thought began the soul supply —
Feed it with blisses youth doth crave, when move
The first desires of sympathy and love;
Into this spot the dreamer often came,
With heart of fire, and thought of equal flame;
And here wild dreams of love and chivalry
Crowded the brain, and seem'd to fill the eye.
Passion here dared to print her love-born kiss,
Flash'd on the soul here first her bowers of bliss;
And all the glory living in Romance,
Peopled the place with helm, and shield, and lance;
And joust, and tournament, and ladie bright,
Lit up the whole most royally with light;
And Fancy oped her stores, till then unknown —
Imagination's world became our own!
O, what a land of glory opens bright,
The youthful heart first gazing in its light!
Is there a world whose beauty hath outshone
The soften'd glory of this golden one;

Its skies of light, its rich and glad domains,
And the perpetual Spring of bliss that reigns;
Its loveliness, all dazzling like our youth,
And like one long, rich dream of Heaven's truth?
O, that a dream so bright should ever pass,
And leave us but the memory that it was!

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE ROCKS.

Pass from the forest — here we stand upon
Rocks piled on rocks, and hills promiscuous thrown;
A sheer, bare cliff, that downward looks so far,
All objects seem but half the size they are;
Dark pines and cedars bristling its notch'd edge,
And, nearer view'd, dead grass like ocean's sedge;
Its broad front seam'd with many a rent and scar,
And black from time or elemental war.
The village here spreads out before our eyes,
And the round, scoop'd-out vale in which it lies, —
The village' self, of spires and mansions neat,
Winding around the mountain at your feet;
The broad, scoop'd vale afar that rises up,
Like to a lotus leaf of broken cup, —

(For southward break the lordly hills away,
To let the stream out, and let in the day, —)
Clear'd to its circling rim of stone and wood,
Where late was massive rock and solitude.
Start to the eye too, waters flashing bright,
And rolling on in loveliness and light, —
Waters that come from off the northern hills,
Till their whole wealth one noble channel fills,
Which, winding here and there along the scene,
Sweetly relieves the wilderness of green.
Here turning short, it, like a serpent's course,
Hurries in foam and with a double force ;
Again it spreads forth in a clear, white bay,
Where might a skiff amid its eddies play ;
Again the stream is lost to sight of eye,
Again it flashes to the open sky ;
And now, half hidden parted groves between,
It seems asleep beneath its painted screen ; —
Now it flows on, to where, from out the west,
Another stream comes bounding to its breast ;
Then with a wider current bearing on,
To where the parted hills are backward thrown,
It plunges through obstructing rocks, its roar
Shaking the vale, and then is heard no more.

Northward the hills are piled on hills away,
Till their blue tops are mingled with the day !
Brothers the hills seem, — as some star in force,
Meeting another in its airy course,
Crush'd by the stroke has thunder'd down the sky,
Where, like a shatter'd world, its ruins lie !
On these proud heights, how sweet to send the eye
Round this whole cope of variegated sky,
Down on these ample vales, and round these hills,
Till the dilated heart the prospect fills ;
And lifted by the sentiment sublime,
Pour the full soul out in its kindred rhyme !
When Summer's suns had crowded earth and sky
With all the light that on them both may lie,
And scarce a breath the sultry heaven gave cool,
And splash'd the panting cattle in the pool,
And insect wings were trying in the shade,
Their merry dance from the hot sun afraid, —
How have we climbed these heights, and, stretch'd at length,
Till the cool, circling wind had given us strength,
Bless'd the kind Power that gave the solemn shade,
The favoring height, and cooling mountain head !
And how, when winds of Winter have been here,
Ribbing the hills with ice or snows severe,

Rocking afar the barren wood, still dim,
Till its vast depths gave out a thunder-hymn;
How have we plunged the snows and depths among,
Braced every nerve, by fancy led along;
Spending delightedly whole days, and fired
With the strange luxury the scene inspired!
And often too, when had the sleet come down,
Over the earth and on the mountain's crown,
Giving the whole wide scene a sheet of light,
Woven of sunbeams seemingly so bright;
How have we come the forest halls along,
Gazing and wond'ring at the glory flung
Down from the heavens upon the earth, and seem'd
To realize the glory prophets dream'd!

A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE CHARACTER.

Down from the cliff now pass we, where a cleft
Opes to the north, of verdure all bereft;
Pass we a wood path, now a singing rill,
Now rise again a gently rounded hill;
And now descend to cross the public street
Where stands a church, and four broad commons meet.

May we not turn aside a moment here,
Nor earn the critic's scorn or lash severe,
And paint a single object that we see
In dim perspective, known to Memory?
Humble it is, but such are all the things
Hov'ring around us on their golden wings;
And waiting to appear as Memory gives
Them form and shape and Fancy each receives,
Then clothes with words, the which the poet writes,
Not as he thinks, but as herself indites;—
Yet there 's no heart with village life acquaint,
But shall acknowledge 't, is *to* life we paint.
Beside a stream that southward runs, you see
A small white house—not one of poverty—
For neat and clean the house itself, and round
The same is nothing else but neatness found.
A single chimney tops it, and one door
Enters the same—it has no need of more.
A single window on each side is seen,
And up to each and round them, creepers green
Are woven very prettily,—and see,
One is in blow, the blow stirs, for a bee
Is buzzing in it very busily.
A little grass-plot fronts the house, behind
A garden is, and with a fruit-yard join'd;

And 'twixt the two, and bounded by a fence,
A well is — Summer school-boys drink from thence.
Within that place a single woman keeps
House by herself — there cooks, and eats, and sleeps;
Known to the place throughout, and high and low
Look on and love her — it was always so, —
At least e'er since, a little urchin, I
That same well-known, and well-loved form could spy.
She is a maiden, we 'll not say old maid,
It harshly sounds, and readers may upbraid;
And yet; I know not why the term should be
Despised, for she has given it that degree
Of excellence and holy purity,
It should an honor be to her that bears,
And daily honors it with daily cares.
Are any sick? you find this maiden come
First on the list — she calls each house a home,
And for each member of the family
She has a look, a kind word, feeling eye.
She 's not sent for — for that she 'd never wait —
If but the sick are sick she 's at the gate;
And night and day, bless'd angel, thou couldst bear
What could no other — be thou ever there!
Are any poor? she finds them, — any dead?
Hers are the fingers that have placed the head;

And shroud and cap her fingers find — and all,
Save the red coffin and the woollen pall.
Is the church dusty, she can sweep it, — would
You have a cushion, well-stuff'd, soft, and good?
Give her the size, you 'll find, next "Sabba' day,"
It 's in its place exact, complete alway.
Is there a widow with a child, and who
Can't pay the school-tax, and there are a few,
Here is a friend to take the child next fall,
And, for the pleasure of 't, will teach it all.
And is there some aristocrat, poor fool,
Whose notions are above the common school;
Or one, a wise man, who example fears
So much, he will not trust it to his "dears";
Here is a teacher worth a thousand, she
Will take them, if you ask it, readily.
She 's other virtues, but, kind reader, did
You ever see th' original? So I said;
And so I say again, if thou art one
Born in New England, and her worthy son.

A PURITAN POET'S APOSTROPHE TO THE EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, WITH A PANEGYRIC ON HIS OWN.

PASS down the street, to where we come upon
That noble church, that 's stood the storm and sun
Of busy centuries, which, crowding by,
To Faith and Hope their different forms supply ;
And which shall stand, until, " with awful roar,
Dissolving worlds declare that time is o'er ! "
Albeit the *man* may different faith prefer,
The *poet* stands confess'd, her worshiper.
Round her old towers, grown grim with damp and rime,
How, Fancy liveth with the olden time, —
Dreams the rude dreams the different shocks of earth
People her realms with in their grief or mirth,
And lives again the scenes o'er, when, alway,
Man seems a God, although a God in clay !
How, as we stand beside her towers that rise,
Back sweep the shades of buried centuries, —
With all their follies, and with all their pride,
With all that 's mean to all that 's great allied ;
Man in his native rudeness, yet, confess'd,
With the great image of his Sire impress'd !

How, with the sacred, almost awful dust
 Staining her ample robe, she comes in trust,—
 Bearing, oft mix'd perhaps with baser ore,
 Yet the pure, precious seed the Saviour bore ;
 And which, broad-scatter'd from his awful hand,
 She yet preserves to every sea and land !
 Round her old towers we seem to catch the spell
 She bound the world with when her bond was well,—
 The ruder ages, when, though great, a child
 Man was, if left to his own passions wild ;
 And when the solemn mysteries she bore,
 Bade him bow down, and for his good adore !
 The solemn awe that always comes with time,
 Here fills the soul, and swells its sense sublime ;—
 The round old towers, the Gothic porch, the stone
 Shafting her sides or windows moss o'ergrown ;
 The long, dim arches gathering peals of thunder,
 From the low organ breathed, or loud, that 's under ;
 And all that Fancy loves to dream of there,
 And clothe with all she wishes, dazzling fair,—
 How do we come beneath their power once more,
 And live again the days of romance o'er !
 A simple church is this—yet the great whole,
 Of which she is a part, has fill'd the soul !

The Church ! great name ! perverted oft indeed,
Yet still most great and mightiest in her need,
With all her centuries of worth seems here,
And Fancy bows, her lowliest worshiper !
South, where her arching windows meet the sun,
One hoary poplar leans the roof upon ;
A single rook is cawing there at will,
This to complete, the sense sublime to fill !

But shall we leave our own loved Church unsung,
So often stigmatized with pen and tongue ?
Nay, while the harp has music in it, breathe
The sweetest strain can hallow'd thought bequeath !
Pass like the light all shadows from the mind,
Here to no sentiment be thought consign'd !
Time can come back with little here, to make
Our churches dear to us and for her sake ;
Though must we deem their history sublime,
Shall with majestic march yet fill all time.
Pass like a dream, the solemn shade or show
Of the dread past, with all it can bestow ;
Pass the old towers and storied window seen,
Peeping from out its fold of ivy green ;

Pass all the heart would love to dream of there,
With all that Romance gives and Fancy fair, —
And in her simple wealth of faith alone,
Measure the value, which is all her own !
Born 'mid the shocks that rent a nation twain,
Cradled 'mid fires cementing it again ;
Baptized on a waste sea, the ocean's child,
And nurtur'd in a wilderness more wild ;
Behold her here in simple beauty rise,
Her feet on earth, her heart within the skies !
Is she divine ? We point you to no law,
Seen by tradition, which the Fathers saw ;
Is she divine ? We point you to her breast,
With radiant majesty of truth impress'd ;
Her helm of glory, and her footsteps shod
With the firm preparation of her God ;
Her arm stretch'd forth to grasp the silent world —
How ? with the banner of her peace unfurl'd ;
Her millions pour'd in channels through each clime,
Where live the imbruted wrecks of sin and crime ;
Her sons in crowds whose bones white every shore,
Her sons in crowds still following those before ;
Her Faith that stops not till the world be won,
Bound in Love's chains, and given to the Son !

Is she not glorious as she stands there bright,
Her garments glittering like a flood of light?
Is she not mission'd forth in strength to go,
Conquering and conquering till the world shall bow;
Filling each clime with her sweet beauty sent,
Cheering the nations in their banishment;
Bidding the islands of the sea draw near,
And shout aloud a God of mercy near;
Till he sublime, who once in earth's distress,
Came in the beauty of his lowliness,
Shall come again, the living heavens outshone
By the strange splendors of his golden throne;
Launching his fires along the open day,
Sweeping in wrath his enemies away;
And o'er the subjects that have own'd him, "sealed,"
Reigns, the bright God, in majesty revealed!



THE PLACE OF GRAVES.

THE place of graves! how many feelings come,
Shrouding the soul here with a pall of gloom,—
The spot to which all hurry like the tide
Thund'ring the hills down to the ocean wide;

Where lost 'mid wastes to human ken ne'er shown,
They pass like light, or bubbles in the sun.
He is not man who walks unfeeling here,
Or smiling marks the shadows that appear, —
Death with his train arising into view,
These cloth'd in light and those of deeper hue,
And passing o'er the busy stage of thought,
Question'd of what they are, but answering not.
The past appears, the far past of our race,
Sweeping along with loud and hurried pace ;
And the dread wrecks of all-corroding time,
In insignificance or pomp sublime !
See here the greatness of the ancient day,
Lo, the gigantic sons of earth and clay ;
The glittering helm that shaded the red eye,
Fierce as a star when drave the battle by ;
The spear, the shield, the chariot, and the roar
Like the vexed ocean beating on his shore ;
The shatter'd helm too, and the broken plume,
And the bow'd form and eye of conquer'd gloom !
And lo, the softer images that seem
Crowding the eye and flitting like a dream, —
Love and its sweet bowers coming into sight,
Circled with roses, raining golden light,

And all that Youth has hopèd and Fancy brought,
To deck its fairy world with fairy thought!
How as they pass here the bewilder'd eye,
The soul is moved by what they do supply, —
The heart just breaking in its budding Spring,
The tear that rain'd o'er fresh hopes withering,
The biting anguish of life's parting hour,
And the tremendous glooms that o'er it lower!



CONCLUSION.

BUT lo, the sun is sinking in the west,
His last red light lies on the mountain's crest;
Red shafts of fire shoot up the middle sky,
Red are the piles of clouds that westward lie;
Yet down he drops behind the dark'ning hills,
While a dusk shadow all the landscape fills.
E'er hush'd the strain is in the deep'ning gloom,
We turn again to that lov'd place call'd home;
The dearest spot the world can ever give,
Where the heart first did wake, and fain would live;
Whither from earth's far poles flies each away,
And where if unblest, curs'd is he for aye.

Gaze on the spot—it rises up the same,
As it did when thought, life, and soul were flame ;
Around it gathers what a world of ties,—
Swells full the breast with buried memories !
We have come far from many cares and tears,
To see this loved place of our ancient years ;
We have by might cast off the load awhile,
We would here stand and gaze, ay, gaze and smile ;
If life hath joy connected with the spot,
It should be ours, and life's griefs all forgot ;
And if the heart be cold or withering,
We would refresh it at this golden spring !
We see the boy far through the waste of years,
We mark the bright brow where no care appears ;
We see the eye, 't is glowing as the sun,
We see the heart beat, feel its pulses run ;
And the pure thought, by fancy there made so,
How we see that, and almost feel its glow !
O, as we gaze, that we might win, if lost,
That pure heart back that blesses us the most,—
The undimm'd eye with which we first look'd forth,
Enjoying all earth gives us in her mirth,
Till it should thaw the rugged crust away
Life forms round each in its great battle fray !

And we would here once more, life's path upon
Start with a fresh heart, bless'd by its first sun ;
With its sweet consciousness of virtue too,
We would be cheer'd, refresh'd too by its dew ;
And with the stern experience now our own,
Close up each day with nobler duties done.
If might this sweet result the present gain,
We have not sung, nor have we dreamed in vain ;
Turn'd off awhile from life's hot, thick'ning press,
To breathe the air of youth and its release ;
Roam'd round these scenes to memory ever dear,
Not with a silly sentimental tear,
But with a *man's* truth-freighted, loving breast,
That dares in its fresh feelings to be bless'd.
In later years we often learn to scorn
The golden freshness of life's vernal morn ;
We learn to scorn those early fountains given,
Pouring a bliss forth, seemingly from Heaven ;
On manlier things we fix the eye and heart,
Turn from our youth, and bid its lights depart ;
Forgetting, as we journey from the sun,
The heart grows cold, its streams more sluggish run.
O, wiser he who cherishes, far more,
The sunny sky that bent his boyhood o'er ;

Bears with him into every land and clime
The holy beauty of that early time; —
Keeps a heart fresh to every sound thence sent,
And thought itself a mystic instrument;
And hears, oft ringing through his deepest soul,
Life's first wild melodies around him roll!
If might this truth but often bring us back
From the hot press of life to boyhood's track;
That we might ever, when the heart is cursed,
Turn to those early founts whence life-streams burst, —
Not vainly hath the poet dared to sing,
Nor vainly have we listened to his string.

THE HEART AND COT OF MY OWN.



I HAVE roam'd through the world for the sweet and the holy,
And much of its brightness my spirit has known,
But naught have I found could so win me from folly,
As the dear little heart in the cot of my own.

The earth it is changing—the kind eyes of others,
Wherever we meet them, are subject to change;
And fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers,
And every thing found through its eloquent range.

Even the light of the beautiful Summer,
Even the joy of the exquisite Spring;
Even the Autumn, when thought is a roamer,
Has in its witchery something to sting.

All the wild, bright, fancy-pictures e'er gazed on,
All in which love's holy passion is not;
All ever conjured up, light ever blazed on,
Either to highest or lowliest thought —

All have a something that leaves a soft sorrow
Over the heart where their blisses are known,
But there is nothing *that* sweetness can borrow,
Found in the dear little heart of our own.

“O, GIVE ME THE HILLS,” &c.

O, GIVE me the hills, and the woods, and the mountains,
The blue sky my shelter, the heather my floor;
The sunny lakes, cascades, and moss-circled fountains,
O, give me their beauties, I ask for no more!

Ye may tell me of cities, their sweets, and their blisses,
The song, and the dance, and the bright sparkling eye;
The bright forms of beauty, the soft melting kisses,
The half-speaking look, and the soul-thrilling sigh.

Ye may tell me of these, but I 'll tell ye of singing,
Far away in the woodlands sequester'd and lone,—
Of the blithe, startling music, that, swelling and ringing
From the wild bird, shall make ye confess ye have none.

I can tell ye of beauty, the perfect complexion,
The fair, healthy cheek, slightly shaded with dun,
'T would betray ye to think, 't is the gentle reflection
Of the rose-leaf, when dyed by the rays of the sun.

I can tell ye of symmetry, graceful, bewitching,
Of dark eyes, of kisses, of accents that thrill;
I can tell ye of sighs, that are speaking, and — catching,
For they dwell in the cot on the side of the hill.

Yes, 't is there dwells my Mary, surrounded by Nature,
Rock, hill, wood, and valley, and murmuring grove;
Its clear air hath heighten'd the charms of each feature,
'T is Nature has taught her the lesson of love.

And the love of her innocent heart I have tested,
She is gentle, confiding, and modest, and free;
For her love the dark current of sorrow I 've breasted,
And her heart, dreams, and wishes, now centre in me.

Then give me the hills, and the woods, and the mountains,
The blue sky my shelter, the heather my floor;
The sunny lakes, cascades, and moss-circled fountains,
O, give me their beauties, I ask for no more!

NONSENSE.



O, GIRLS fantastic creatures are,
Vexing us, teasing us;
Now they 're here, now they 're there,
Perplexing us, pleasing us;
See you here a soft blue "ee,"
O, beware! O, beware!
For it melteth but to be
For a snare, for a snare.

I have loved a gentle girl—
How I loved, how I loved,
Witness it my heart's wild whirl,
When she moved, when she moved;

Life, soul, feeling, all sincere,
Bound up in her, bound up in her ;
She has left me, and I 'm here,
A "wound up" sinner, a "wound up" sinner.

Left me, and without a smile,
Save a cold one, save a cold one ;
Not a word there fell the while,
Save some old one, save some old one ;
My heart about to burst, and chain'd
As by a spell, as by a spell,
She could falter, unconstrain'd,
Fare thee well, fare thee well.

O, I loved her (for it may
I be forgiven, be forgiven !)
Rather than as a thing of clay,
As a thing of Heaven, a thing of Heaven ;
Feelings, none I had but went
Straightway there, straightway there ;
When I prayed, her image blent
With my prayer, with my prayer.

When she went, there was I,
Like her shade, like her shade ;
When she call'd, I was by,
And there I staid, and there I staid ;
If her soft eye sadden'd seem'd,
I could smile, I could smile,
Till that soft eye gladden'd seem'd,
As erewhile, as erewhile.

I presented her a ring,
Which she took, which she took ;
And her words fell murmuring,
Like a brook, like a brook ;
Soft her eye's glance fell upon me,
Even there, even there ;
When its gentle meanings won me
Like a prayer, like a prayer.

She has left me, and I 'm here,
Desolate, desolate ;
She has left me, nor a tear
For my fate, for my fate :

O! to be thus coldly parted,
Nor relief, nor relief,
And to be thus broken-hearted,
This is grief, this is grief.

Yet, I love her, I confess it,
More than ever, more than ever;
Love 's a stream, you can't repress it,
Mine 's a river! mine 's a river!
Life, soul, feeling, all are given,
All my store, all my store;
In her, round her, there 's my Heaven,
I want no more, I want no more.

THE WAVE.



THE wave, the wave, how beautiful
It flashes in the morning sun,
And how the light shifts quick and wild,
Upon it leaping in its fun ;
You may look round the sweep of earth,
And look throughout the cope of sky,
And yet methinks than this sweet wave
No fairer thing shall greet your eye.

'T is fair in the far distance seen,
The light breeze skimming o'er it sweet,
When o'er it, in its morning flush,
The dancing, shifting sunbeams meet ;

And fair it is when on the strand

It comes and curls and flashes white,
And then rolls back upon the deep,
Again to gather up its might.

And fair it is, to watch that wave

When day is done and stars are out,
And see it leap up at the moon,
And hear its little tiny shout ;
And beautiful it is to see

The moon shed there its holy smile,
And that wave rocking in its play,
As if a conscious thing the while.

And beautiful to look away

When softest Summer winds are sweeping,
And burns the hallow'd eye of day,
Or midnight o'er the wave is sleeping ;
And see writ out in lines of light
Each cloud that o'er the sky is borne,
From holiest morn till holiest night,
From holy eve till holier morn.

But this same wave another beauty
Hath, as I 've seen, at other times,
When gone is heaven's sweet, placid light,
And comes the power of sterner climes;
The tempest, when from tropic skies
It comes and broods upon the sea,
There is another beauty there,
That 's awful in sublimity.

It is a beauty full of strength,
Of sternness, yet of grandeur too;
For that small wave augmented then,
Gathers as would a giant do;
And lifting up a trumpet voice,
It howls till earth and heaven shake,
Then, rushing from its bed, it comes
As 't would its very barriers break;

Or meeting with some gallant bark
That long in pride has swept the sea,
It howls a requiem for the dead,
Then sucks them down in agony;

Then rolling o'er the beautiful
And brave that it has swept in wrath,
Unconscious all, it seems, hat woe
Has follow'd up its awful path.

And sometimes on that wave goes down
The fiery storm, the lightning's wing;
Cuffing its proud head as it tears
The very heavens in its swing;
He who has then gazed on that wave,
Has felt his heart, I ween, beat high,
And he has shouted with the storm,
To ease that heart of agony.

Ah, yes, the wave in storm or shine
A gentle, awful beauty has;
It is the sweetest, sternest thing,
That 'neath the whole wide heaven plays;
In shade or shine or storm sublime,
Or when the Summer breezes call;
When storms sing till the heavens *ring*,
It hath the same wild gift for all!

NEW ENGLAND.



NEW ENGLAND ! all our bards have sung,
And loud, in praise of thee,
And all their kindling rapture flung
Upon their music free ;
Thy proud old forests stretching far,
Thy proud hills in the skies,
Thy lakes and streams and rivers all,
Have swell'd their harmonies !

And well it is they thus can sing,
For where can turn the eye,
And see more that should rapture bring,
Gazing on sea and sky ?

They tell us all of fairer lands,
Of fairer skies they sing,
But where goes *more* the eye or heart
On a loved journeying?

The eye takes in the spreading scene,
The ear hears music pour,
Swelling aloud from forests green,
From rock and ocean shore ;
The eye beholds at morn and even
Their glorious bursts of light,
And wonders at the power that thus
Can make a dark world bright! .

And where look you for sterner worth,
The power of soul and mind ;
The true and only light of earth,
To no mere soil confined ?
Show me the power that makes the man,
Show me the heart that 's true, .
Show me the hand to back the heart,
We have them all for you !

And lo, our spreading villages,
And cities in their pride ;
And hark the din that strikes the skies,
From busy Art applied ;
And lo, the mountains level'd down,
The valleys heap'd up far,
And o'er them on its iron track
Thund'ring the frighten'd car !

And where look you for " purer hearts,
And cleaner hands " and strong ;
And souls that ape at all life's Arts,
Yet scorn the mean and wrong ;
And hearts that look from earth to Heaven
With a Heaven-lighted eye,
And dream of those pure lands that far
In its blue bosom lie ?

And would you dream of fairy forms,
And eyes of fairy light,
And hearts that beat with love's alarms,
Or thrill us with love's might,

Brighter or fairer than have we,
Sweeter than these of ours,
With which to dance life's measure out,
Or weep its wither'd flowers?

Ah, ye may tell of other lands
And other eyes of flame;
And hearts that leap at Love's commands,
With bliss words may not name;
But would ye have the eye and soul,
And form to witch and win,
And lip to laugh away all care,
Come to New England then!

'T is true indeed, we may not boast
We have a storied land;
Or storied towers that line our coast,
Or mould'ring on the sand;
Yet have our forests gray their tales,
Our forest haunts their song;
The red man's glory lights them up
With a light pure and young!

And 'neath our forests walk our sons,
 Dreaming of a bright name ;
And fired like earth's great master ones,
 Striking their harps for fame ;
And dreaming of the ages yet,
 And their loved country high,
Among the proudest of the world,
 With name that shall not die !

THE CITY'S CEMETERY.



Not here, not here would I have my bed,
No, never here would I lay my head ;
Where over the wall, from the noisy street,
Comes the clatter of tongues and of busy feet ;
As my fellow hastes by, wealth's worshiper,
And bethinks him not, that the dead are near.

There 's a pretty flower by yon monument,
There 's a tuft of green by yon gray slab's rent ;
Some wreaths of moss on this urn appear,
Affection has planted a willow here ;
Yet I would not choose such a place of rest,
With a turf like this on my lonely breast.

There 's a massy pile o'er yon sloping mound,
And wealth has hedged it with turf around ;
There 's an epitaph that might surfeit pride,
And the phrase is big how its tenant died ;
Yet I would not lie in this place at last,
Where the stranger might gaze as he slowly pass'd.

No, give me a scene where may never come
The smoke of the city or city's hum ;
Where the airs are fresh as fresh can be,
And the voices of winds as they titter free ;
And the bright green flowers put softly forth,
And all the year deck the sylvan earth.

A grove should hedge it around as a shield,
And in it the wood-lark and thrush should build ;
The prattle of waters should come like June's,
And all the day sing its quiet tunes ;
And oft as a new flower deck'd the spot,
Some careless bee should neglect it not.

And over my grave should affection raise
No lordly pile to record my praise ;

I would not wish that a slab record,
My name with a lie and a pompous word;
No, no, I 'll have it a bliss impart
When spoken, and writ on the gentle heart.

Perhaps indeed, to that spot might come
Some widow'd heart in the gloamin gloom;
And softly kneeling down by the same,
There teach her child to revere my name;
And the child should rise with his blue eye wet,
And tell how he would not my name forget.

And when should the soft moon throw its beam
O'er the bright green leaves and the brighter stream,
Some gentle hearts, to each other knit,
Should think for a tryst it were arbor fit,
And their hands should close, and their lips, and no fear
Should move their hearts, that the dead were near.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE IN CONNECTION WITH
HIGHER TRUTH.

(AN EXTRACT.)

AND O, how much is round us that should cheer
On the high heart, in this high path to fame!
How much to make the path of life more dear!
How much to make it give us thoughts of flame,
Ay, and the exalted bliss words may not name!
God hath not placed us in a world like this,
And we to draw no lessons from the same;
But all around, and writ o'er all the skies,
Truth clear and bright is flashed on man's discerning eyes.

We have no praise for that philosophy,
Lofty, yet vague, that goes forth on this scene,
And pushing out of sight love's energy,
Deems that it gathers from each forest green,
Each rolling ocean, or each rivulet's sheen,

Or voice of bird, or breath of eve or day,
Sufficient to make man what he has been,
Flinging life's Eden light about his way, —
Still is the earth all deck'd in love's own sweet array;

And he who would go forth to it and see
Only the beauty given forth again
We first behold where love hath vividly
And clearly made the path of duty plain,
Ay, so clear that man need not err in vain, —
This is a sweet philosophy and true;
We love it, and its lofty truths we scan;
Ever we love the same to keep in view,
As this far more that lovely world we journey through.

We love to turn into the forest shades
When the loud world is shut away, and naught
Cometh to meet us or the heart invades,
Save what does there invite to lofty thought;
And with the glory that is round us brought,
The grandeur or the grace about, above,
We love to sit and muse, — what heart doth not?
O, there is proof of energy and love,
And grace and beauty too, the finest heart to move!

The forest shafts that shoot up in the air,
The dome of leaves on which comes down the sun,
The forest smells from all things breathing there,
The forest sounds most musical, the lone
And pensive lapse of brook o'er moss-gray stone,
Or plaint of bird from open skies away;
Or the low drone of bee still ringing on,
From the far upland heights 'mid grain at play,
Or where breathes soft the sweet, new-scented meadow hay;

The forest spring that bubbles up between
The gray and massive roots that raise on high
Their lofty canopy of rolling green,—
The green and rod-like grasses there that nigh,
And round that bubbling spring luxuriantly,
Start up and circle it with beauteous hue,—
And the sweet forest flowers close nodding by,
The yellow crocus or the violet blue,
O, these all please the heart as they come into view!

For thou canst never, with truth-loving heart,
Walk forth at morn, or noon, or at the eve;
Thou canst not look on earth in any part,—
Thou canst not hear her voice, or when winds grieve
Over the Autumn flowers, or when they weave

Sweetest of all sounds in the Summer's sky ;
Nor canst thou from earth's mightier scenes receive
Impress of horror or sublimity,
But shall some truth be flashed, clear, full upon thine eye ;

And thou shalt feel more ready to go on,
Into the path of life, or stern or bright,
And do thy work there, — toil hard till all 's done, —
Trusting at last to find in Him delight,
Who placed thee where thou art, — who gave thee might
In the lone hour to keep thee in the way ;
And thou shalt feel more eager for the fight —
At least, more courage for the fiery fray
Man must aye wage with night, far through life's stormy day !

“WHO EVER ASK'D,” &c.



Who ever ask'd himself, (and found it not,)
 For some deep sorrow, far back in the past
 Of his loved years? — a sorrow such as never
 The heart can feel on earth, or feel but once?
 For one I should ashamed be to say
 Such was not mine. I should ashamed be,
 To say my soul so little was a soul,
 That it had not, in its sweet morn of feeling,
 And when the soul was fire, and thought was not
 That wise and reverend thing it doth become
 In after, sadder years — been touch'd, and bound
 As by a spell more strong than bolts of brass,
 And which no after time, nor press of years,
 Nor crush of sorrows, nor long, anxious cares,

Could rend away. Far back in the dim past,
 I see a bright and holy place of time,
 Where thought first woke in me, and soul awoke,
 And I did see, as I had deem’d none see,
 The beauty and the glory of this life,
 And man’s and woman’s soul. I do remember,
 I sudden seem’d come to a world more rare
 Than fancy’s dreamings. In myself all strange,
 And yet most beautiful, a world I saw
 Of light and glory so divinely fair
 It did amaze me. On this fair, God’s world,
 I look’d as it were new. And new it was.
 The heavens all were new, new was the earth,
 And every thing that lives and walks it, or
 Wingeth the upper deep and speaks its joy,
 That was all new. But ’t was the world within,
 The world where is the heart, and that heart all
 On fire with its affections, and all deck’d
 With hues as beautiful as heaven’s, where I
 Did gaze most strangely; and I wonder’d whence
 Had come this world, and what it was, and why
 It never had been told me, or had I
 In all my years, chanc’d on its light and beauty.
 In this sweet season was it when I first

Met with a soul like mine, or one that seem'd
Struck from my own. That soul, it was enshrin'd
In a form fairer than e'er rose from aught
Has Fancy witch'd from fairy land, or Genius
Struck into life with its transcendent powers !
And that bright soul, within so bright a form,
Did craze me, as I think, for every thought
And faculty of being centred there,
And dream'd I of no joy but blended was it
With this joy here. For days and years I walk'd
The earth with this sweet vision, and for years
I hoarded in my soul the bliss was mine,
And seem I, from this distance now, to have found
A life of happiness, and crowded into
Each flying moment. I have shut the grave
Down on that joy. I have, long years since, shut
My heart off from that good. I may in dreams,
Perhaps a moment thither fly. In dreams
I sometimes walk again that fairy world,
And see its sky all light, and hear its sounds
Ringing on every side, and see that one
Strange, hallow'd image now for heart and brain,
And sometimes will go back my wishes, and
I tire or faint along life's slippery way ;

And yet I check me, for I bear in mind,
We are not here for ever, but like waves
Passing on to another shore and breaking
Along its sands, and on that shore again,
(Death's cold wave cross'd,) beside that form of light
I sure shall stand, for there I see her, and
I see her arms stretched forth to me, and hear
Her voice as angel's, bidding me “Be firm.”

EAST-MEADOW BROOK.



THERE is, in the sweet vale where I was born,
A little stream, that to the larger river,
Which is the glory of the place, winds down
Out of the hills. It is a beautiful
And whirling stream — leaps rocks, and roots, and dances
Round many a little islet — through green groves,
And skirts old, ancient woods, till finally,
It empties its bright treasures o'er a rock,
Into its sea. One day (it was in June)
Just after the green world had donn'd its brightest
And gayest robe, and beautiful the leaves
Hung in their glossiness, and flowers all over
The slopes and meads were scatter'd, as if angels,
Winging the air, had flung bright jewels down.

I wander'd up this stream, (with hook and line —
For seek the trout this thread of water,) scarce
Knowing, I must confess, what were my thoughts;
For sport I had none, and, I must confess,
I was from my boy's pastime won away
By the strange beauty of the day and scene.
I wander'd on — the stream wound up afar
Into the mountains. Through black rocks I pass'd,
Where they had sever'd been it seem'd, by some
Throe of an earthquake — through which rent the stream
Had forced its way. Again out on a plot
Of circular pleasant grass I came, and where
The woods, ope at the top, let down there into
The wilderness a glorious flood of light,
Bidding the greenest grass and flowers start up,
And e'en the lichens of the rocks come out
With double freshness. Now again where, thick,
Hung down the awful masses of deep shade,
Beneath which scarce I forc'd myself, though keeping
The stream's cold bed. From out a mass of wood
Sudden emerging, for the first I heard
A roar not unlike waters, pitching over
High and obstructing rocks. Alert I sprang

Forward to meet the sound, and on and up
The stream I breathlessly pursued, when soon
Burst on my eye an altitude of rock
Perhaps some fifteen cubits, down which came
The stream, a thread of foam. A handful scarce
The water seem'd at this place, still it came,
The what there was, a mimic cataract,
Down from the height, and scarce a lovelier fall
Has poet ever seen in fact or fable.
The wall was steep, and leapt from off its top
The stream quite to its base, yet had it sprinkled
On either side the rocks, and flowers had fringed them,
And greenest grass and shrubs had cover'd all
With a luxuriant growth. I sat me down,
To watch the waters pitching from their height,
And whirling round and round in a clear pool,
And sending up their foam-bells, flashing out
Into white rings in mimicry of floods
Dash'd down Niagara. I wonder'd why
Had God thus left this lovely stream alone
Here in the wilderness, and why man's eye
Had not discerned it, yet, reprov'd, I soon
Felt how he hath, and writ o'er all the world,

Set his own seal of beauty, not alone
In marts and open fields, but far away
Among the wilds where man is not, but only
The airs and birds of heaven.

THE RIVER WILLOW.



OF all the ornaments that deck our vales,
Elm, poplar, maple, beech, or alder shade,
Give me the willow. When dies off afar
Into the north the winter's surly voice,
And the huge hills of snow melt down, and leap,
From their ice fetters, once more the glad streams,
And comes, with his soft tones again, the wind
Born in the South, the willow-tree first shows
Its swelling buds along its slender stems,
And puts its glory on. As first the twigs
Shoot up like rods, to which seem diamonds strung,
The leaf's white under-coat first being seen,
But soon the full-grown blade unfolds its spear,
And giv'es the eye a Spring's flood of glad green.

And all along where wind our valley streams,
First see we this sweet willow, towering up
To tell us Spring is just at hand, and seeming
Thus like a herald to the world of what
It knows is pleasant news.

Now lay you down,
When has the Summer come, beneath its shade,
And give your soul up to the impulses
That touch and cause to dance the mind and heart,
And you shall say the willow 's worth your love,
And worth the poet's song. Hark you that sound,
That seems to come up from below, of waters
Whirling and whimpering sillily along ;
Lo, 't is the stream the willow loves, and which
You always find hard by him ! As you look
Far up the vale, that stream precipitate
Pitches down a jagg'd rock, and tell me now,
Hath not the roar, by distance mellow'd down,
And mingling with the gurgling river here,
A pleasant power ; and if you shall survey
This stream where yonder down the vale it goes,
You shall behold a channel'd bed o'er which
It leaps in foam, and you shall see sweet grasses

And pleasant flowers look down on either side,
Like a coquette by stealth, or maid at glass,
Striving to see themselves. Now hark again,
And what a soul-glad melody is that
Which sweeps down from the branches o'er your head !
Didst ever bathe thy soul in liquid sounds ?
Such soul-like sounds seem these ! They are the winds
Touching their tiny wind-harps set all over
The boughs and twigs and leaves. At times you hear
Perhaps but one or two, again they each
As emulous put forth their music power,
And such a concourse of sweet sounds is flung
Forth to the air it seems as charm'd, and birds
Singing at hand or darting by on wing
Hush their own notes as harsh. And look you now
Up as the wind comes — what a blaze of light
Comes to thine eye ! Each leaf a silver spear,
For here you catch its nether side, is seen,
Glitt'ring and twinkling in the tittering tree.
And look you too, down on the glassy stream
Running beside you. There the counterpart
Of all this life and diamond light appears,
As emulous in brightness. Tell me now,
Is not our river willow a sweet tree.

O lay you down beside it when the sun
Is hot in heaven, and over all the earth
The hot airs seem to leap and dance, and faint
The cattle seek the streams, and birds are still
From the fierce, quivering heat; and thou shalt find
A breath here to reanimate thy powers,
A music like the music of old harps
Of Seers and Prophets, and thou shalt confess
Our river willow *is* a pleasant tree.



N O T E S .

1. — Page 36.

Legend of Bethel Rock.

THIS is a versification of one out of half a dozen legends connected with a famous rock in the author's native village, Woodbury, Ct. The real, veritable history of the place is the following. In the early history of the town, the Puritan fathers and mothers who assembled at a church in a neighbouring valley, Sabbath mornings, would ramble off into the woods during the intermission at noon, when a beautiful resting-place was found in the deep woods, near the top of a magnificent range of rocks, and where, under as glorious a canopy as was ever "fashioned without hands," they became accustomed to hold prayer-meetings. The place was named by them as above, and has always retained this name.

The Indian legends connected with the place can go for what they are worth. A number of them have passed into print, all with "veritable" vouchers. Hon. S. G. Goodrich of Boston, has been guilty of a very graceful little sin of this kind, published in the *Legendary* some years since.

We vouch, on the *Almanac*, our story to be as true as the truest.

2. — Page 58.

"I roam the world," &c.

After the third stanza in this poem, the following was omitted.

Banish it? — ah, it should so — but the feeling,
 Deep and distressful, still is in the breast;
 Like some black cloud o'er Summer's heavens slow stealing,
 Till the whole arch is with the night possess'd —
 O, so has sorrow come up o'er my being,
 The very sense of happiness is dead;
 For though all object o'er and round it seeing,
 Still has the sense of life and sweetness fled.

3. — Page 67.

This Country prodigal, &c.

A friend wrote the author, — "This country furnishes no material for poetry." The author sent him back this answer.

4. — Page 129.

King Philip's Battle-Song.

The reader will see, that, in this piece, we have taken a liberty with the aboriginal tongue. The orthography and pronunciation of the word should be Pò-ko-nò-ket, — accenting the first and third syllables. For poetical purposes the accent has been changed, and thrown on the second syllable, — thus, Po-kòn-o-ket.

5. — Page 133.

Fanny Willoughby.

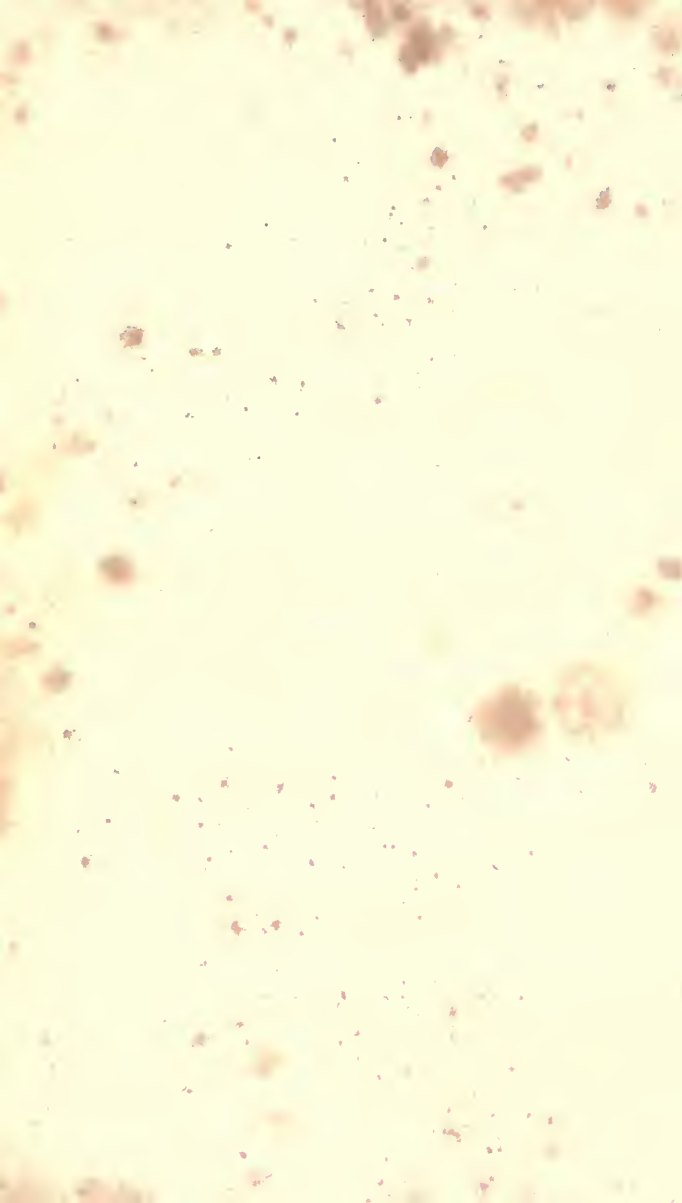
This and two or three other idle pieces of the book, some of the author's soberer friends may not think quite in keeping with a "proper gravity." The author's answer is, that the world has laughter in it as well as tears, and he who sometimes causes a smile on the human countenance may perhaps be as real a benefactor as he who would obscure it with clouds.

His truest answer, however, is, that they were written in youth, and may be preserved for "old acquaintance' sake."

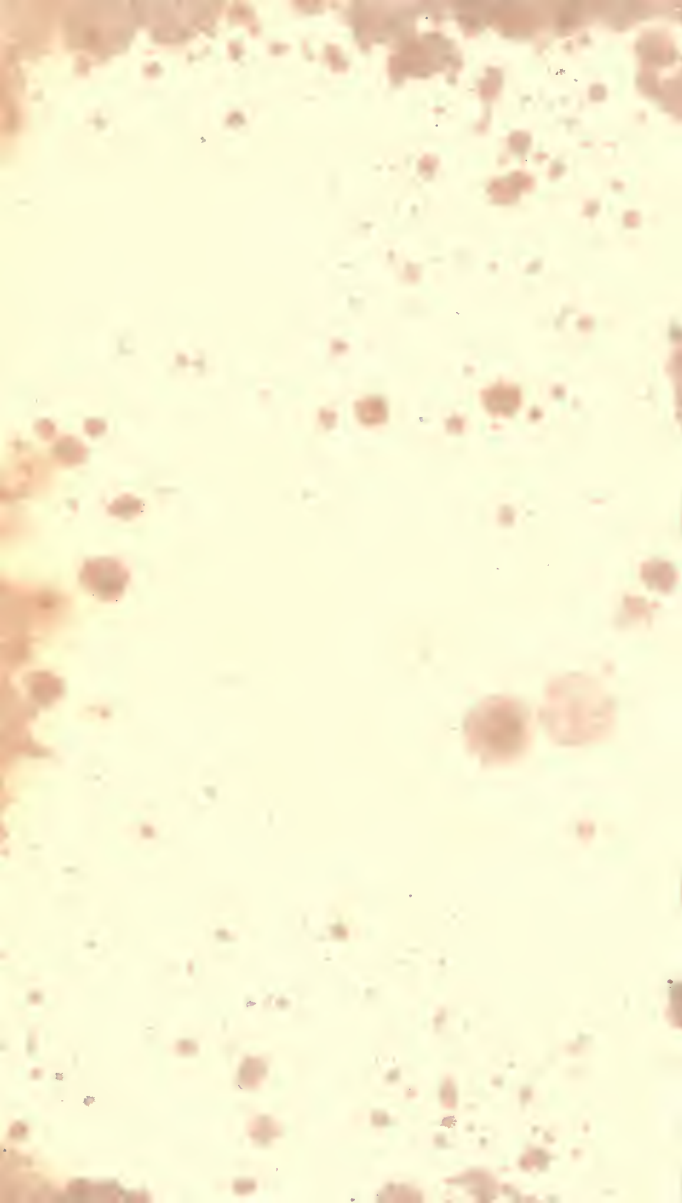
6. — Page 194.

Childhood.

The author has here given parts of an extended piece, written on a summer visit to his home. If it exhibits nothing more than a simple expression of feeling in its connection, it may afford pleasure to some. It is a bastard philosophy and false religion, to *live* in the past; but not to travel back occasionally, and, for a summer's afternoon diversion, live over again the scenes that have been. In this sense, it is not folly sometimes to be a boy.













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ERRATA.

Page 204—9th line—for “But there are,”
read “*And* there are.”

Page 230—7th line—for “Bidding the islands of the sea draw near,”
read, “Bidding the islands of the sea *appear*.”

Page 257—9th line—for “Ay, so clear that man may not err in vain,”
read “Ay, so clear that man need not *read* in vain.”

Page 257—13th line—for “That,”
read “*Than*.”

